A

CENTURY

Of Select

PSALMS,

And Portions of the

PSALMS of *DAVID*,

Especially those of Praise,

Turned into *Metre*, and fitted to the usual *Tunes* in *Parish-Churches*. For the use of the *Charter-House*, *London*.

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Preacher there.

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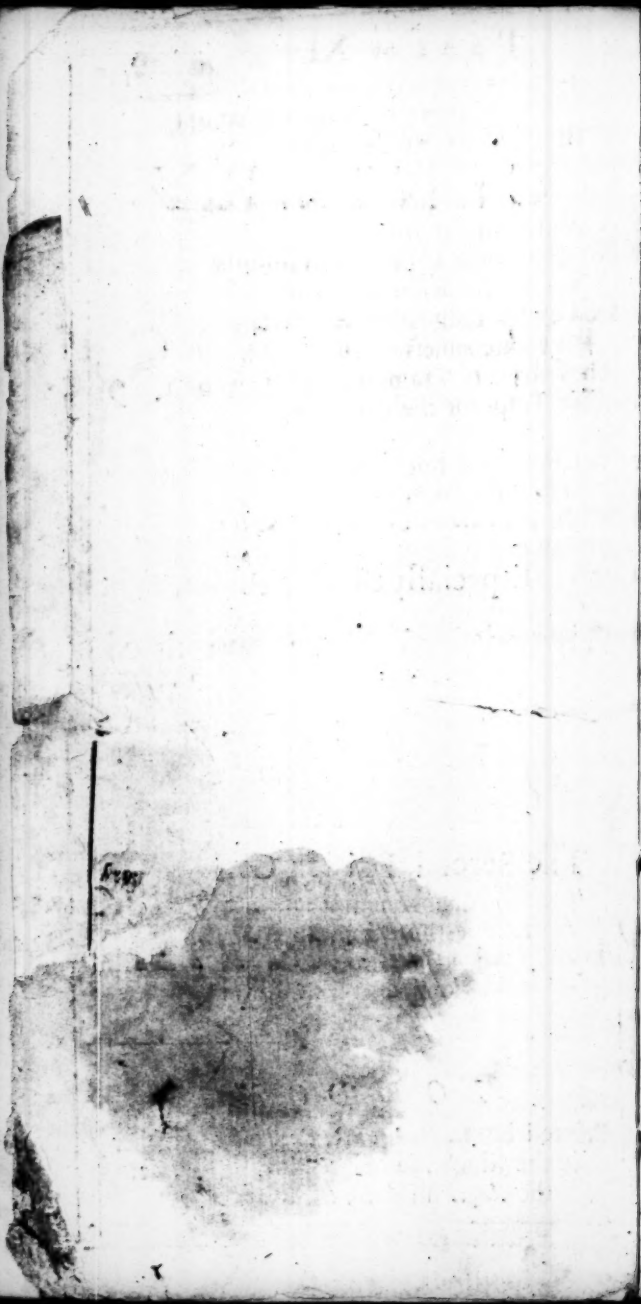

A PREFACE TO THE READER.

WERE it not that the Singing-Psalms, commonly used in Churches, labour under the Prejudice of an ill Translation, whose dress is course and homely, the Metre rugged and unequal, being patched up with little care, the words many of them out of use and scarce intelligible, without fancy, and sometimes, which is worse, without any sense; I cannot think that any sober, devout person, would decry or sleight the singing of them in the Church: wherein though the common People cannot attain in this, more than in other matters, to much skill or art;

yet however they ſeem to me to be employed more affectionately in this, than in any other par of the Service: and conſidering that praiſing God is the moſt excellent part of it, by the ſame reaſon that the Apoſtle prefers Charity before Faith and Hope, becauſe when they ceaſe to be of uſe, this remains for ever, even in Heaven it ſelf; it may ſeem very reaſonable to afford the people all furtherance and aſſiſtence to the better performance of that, to which they have already a laudable propenſion.

I confeſs there are diſcouragements to undertake ſuch a work, and particularly that, which ſome others have deſervedly complained of, viz. *the ungracefulneſs of the Meaſures of our Common Tunes: which I think happens to have been the worſt choſen of any Metre extant in any Language, and ſcarce admits, when words are fitted to them, of any Elegancy; which therefore the Excellent Poets of*

of our own have balked, and choſen in their Tranſlations, to uſe Pindarics or other meaſures of their own fancying, wherein, without being ſo much ſtraitned, they had more ſcope for their flights and Elegancies. But ſince the people cannot be wound up to them, he that intends their benefit, muſt condeſcend, and take, as he finds it, the Metre they are accuſtomed to; and fit ſuch words to them as they can underſtand, and may convey naturally and eaſily into their minds, that pious ſenſe which every where breaths in the Pſalms of David. *And perhaps this may be a harder task to doe well, than he that has not try'd it would imagine: eſpecially when he muſt not take leave to Paraphraſe largely in ſtrains of his own, but muſt keep cloſely, tho' not to every word, yet to the ſenſe of the Text as it lies before him.*

This has been attempted, I know, by many, but, I think, not ſo ſucceſsfully

as might have been wisht. For the most have plainly miscarried, by tying themselves too strictly, I had almost said superstitiously, to the words of the English Text, which in a Thousand places cannot be made to fall Naturally, without botching, into verse; so that there is little more of Poetry in them, than mere Rhime.

A Reverend Bishop, that saw this fault and avoided it, yet pitched upon an unlucky method in his Translation; to make every first and second, every third and fourth line of a Psalm to answer and rhime to one another; whereby, in the short measures especially of eight and six syllables (which is the common one) he was too much hamper'd and confined, so that the words could not fall in so naturally as they ought; which appears (the better to explain what I mean) even in the two first lines of the first Psalm, which in his Version are these,

The

The Man is bleſt, whoſe feet not tread,
By wicked Counſels led:

where the Rhime returning ſo quick, forced the laſt word of the firſt line, out of its proper order.

Another Ingenious Gentleman, ſince that, beſtowed very commendable pains in this work, but yet (which was great pity) his Verſion ſeems to me leſs fitted for common uſe than the former: For tho' ſometimes he may be thought to have choſen too great bluntneſs and homelineſs of phraſe, as if intending to comply with the vulgar, witneſs ſuch as theſe, for inſtance——Good Fellows in their Wine——Goblin of the Night——Gates of gaping Death——Created at a blaſt.——Potters brittle Ware.——Muttons to the Shambles ſold.——Water ſwell his Guts, *and ſuch like; yet at other times his Phraſes, eſpecially his Epithets, are not to be underſtood by the vulgar without a Com-*

ment: ſuch as theſe. Libyan Fields. Torrid Climes. Phœnician Die.-Oazy Beds.—Deaths Carnivals.—Ophir Ingots.—Aromatick Unguents, *&c. Very often again (without occaſion given by the Pſalm) his phraſe is too Poetical, and not befitting the Gravity of the Subject: for inſtance in ſuch as theſe.*—Suns Weſtern Inn *(for his ſetting)*——Wind-rockt Cradles, *(for Birds Neſts)*—Air-fann'd Flames.—Feathered ſhow'r—Gray feathered Morn.——Heav'ns winged Poſts.——Heav'ns ſtarry Canopy, *and a great many ſuch like.*

When I obſerved theſe things, tho' at firſt I onely intended to make a Collection of Pſalms out of others, for the uſe of that Society to which I relate (where we are bound by the Orders of the Houſe, upon Sundays and Feſtivals and the Eves of them, to ſing the Pſalms to an Organ, tho' without a Quire) I altered my thoughts, and reſolved to try, as others had done

done before me, so to fit the Psalms to the common Tunes, that the vulgar might bear their part in them, and the more intelligent and skilfull might not have reason to despise this part of the Service. Which design whether I have performed, I must leave others to judge; onely desiring when they do so, to remember that this was my end, and not to set up for a Poet.

And now to give the Reader some account of my manner of proceeding herein; Because (for the reason before given) I resolved not to tie up my self strictly to the use of the words of the English Text, unless they would fall in naturally, but rather to clear the phrases by a short Paraphrase, tho' still keeping to the sense; I therefore consulted the Criticks and other Expositors upon places of difficulty, and especially the Pharaphrases of the Learned Doctor Hammond *and* Amyraldus. *I have endeavoured to suit my Version to the*

strain

ſtrain of the Pſalms, which are very different; ſome more humble and plain, beſt ſuited to David's *afflictive Complaints, or to thoſe Pſalms that inſtruct mens manners: Others are more lofty, elegant and poetical; as when he ſets out the works of God, his Creation and Providence, or the perfections of the Almighty Ruler of the World; or prophetically deſcribes things that relate to the Meſſiah. Inſtances of which may be ſeen in* Pſalm 23. 29. 45. 65. 91. 93. 96. 104. 139. *not to mention many others.*

I foreſee two Objections againſt my method of proceeding; which I ſhall briefly endeavour to ſatisfie. The one is, that I have left ſo many Pſalms untranſlated: the other, that I have taken at other times onely ſome portions of Pſalms, and left out many Verſes in thoſe I have tranſlated. In Anſwer to both which, I think it may ſuffice to return; That in the choice I have made, I conſidered

and

and pitched upon those Psalms or portions of them, which were most proper and of most general use to us Christians. Such are Psalms of Thanksgiving, or of Petition for mercies we all need, or that instruct us in our Duty. But I balked those whose aspect was upon David's *personal troubles, or* Israel's *particular condition, or related to the Jewish and legal Oeconomy, or are prophetical of the Nations they should subdue, or respected their deliverances, or such as refer not to us, but by a more difficult Accommodation; or where they express a temper not so sutable to the mild and gentle spirit of the Gospel, such as our Saviour repressed in his Disciples, not allowing imprecations of vengeance against our Enemies, but rather praying for them; especially when that prophetick spirit do's not now rest upon us, that did upon* David. *So also such Psalms as are of very Artificial contrivance in the Hebrew, the Verses beginning with*

the

the ſeveral Letters of the Alphabet, and the phraſes with great Art varied, tho' containing the ſame repeated ſenſe, which cannot be imitated ſo well in other Tongues, many Verſes in them are left out; as among others in the 37th Pſalm, and eſpecially in the 119th Pſalm, which therefore I have contracted into ſix parts: I might alſo add, that I have ſometimes omitted a few Verſes that preface to a Pſalm. If theſe reaſons will be allowed me, then I ſuppoſe there will be very little found either in whole Pſalms or pieces of them, that is not tranſlated. If this ſatisfie not, I have onely one thing farther to offer, which methinks may. That I deſire onely that I may have the ſame favour that is granted to every Pariſh Clark; who in ſetting the Pſalms, is not wont to run through them in order, nor to appoint at all times a whole one to be ſung, but onely ſuch portions of them as are

ſuitable

ſuitable to the occaſion, or to the time allotted not for this alone, but for other ſervices to be performed in the Congregation: And if I had ſaid no more, I know not why I may not take liberty to pick and chuſe portions of Pſalms, as well as he. I have nothing more to add, unleſs it be fit to mention, that I have put very many of the Pſalms into the Metre of the Hundred Pſalm, which meaſure, as well as the Tune, I judge to be the beſt we have: but for thoſe that may be of another mind, I have complyed ſo far, as to repeat the far greater number of ſuch Pſalms in the commoner Metre: and that I know but of one very hard word, that may trouble an ordinary Reader, which he will find in the firſt line of the 127th *Pſalm*, viz. *the word* Architect, *which ſignifies a* Maſter-Builder, *and I hope he will not meet with ſuch another throughout the whole work.*

Pſalm

Psalm I.

[*To the* 100. *Psalm Tune.*]

1 BLeſt is the Man whoſe vertuous ſteps
No wicked Counſels lead aſide;
Nor ſtands in Sinners ways; nor ſits
Where God and Goodneſs men deride.

2 But on the Laws Divine his love
Is plac'd, his Souls entire delight;
On theſe his mind is fix'd by Day,
On theſe his wakefull thoughts by Night.

3 He like a Tree, from living ſtreams
Derives his ſap and kindly juice;
His leaves are ever freſh and green,
His branches timely fruits produce.

No croſs events ſhall blaſt his hopes,
Nor ſpoil the pleaſures of his mind;
4 Whilſt the ungodly are diſpers'd
Like chaff, by every ſtormy wind.

5 Tho' Sinners here may paſs for Saints,
And vile Hyprocriſie for Grace;
Their Guilt, when judg'd, will find no Plea,
Nor they among the Juſt a place.

6 God will reward the Juſt mens works,
As he approves the ways they tread;
But the ſmooth paths of Sinners, down
To death and to damnation lead.

Psalm II.

1 WHY do the Heathen Nations rage,
And fooliſh things ſurmiſe;
2 Kings ſet themſelves againſt their God,
Rulers his Chriſt deſpiſe?
3 His gentle Government they count
Their Yoke, his Laws their Chain;
Freedom they'll have without controll,
No Bands ſhall them reſtrain.

4 But God above will ſcorn their rage,
Their vain attempts deride;
5 His Pow'r ſhall fright them, and his wrath
Vex their defeated Pride.
6 For all their ſpite, I've ſet my King
Securely on his Throne:
7 And, what I had decreed before,
Proclaim'd him now my Son.

This is the Birth-day of thy Rule,
8 Thy Sceptre I'll advance
O'er all the Earth; the Gentiles give
For thine inheritance.
9 Thou with an Iron rod ſhalt bruiſe
Their diſobedient Neck;
Like brittle Potſherds, all their powers
Without reſiſtence break.

10 Let the great Rulers of the World,
This greater Lord revere;
11 Serve him with chearfull willingneſs,
And to diſpleaſe him fear.
12 In low ſubmiſſions to the Son,
Your happineſs does lye;

Then

Then you are safe, when he's well pleas'd;
When he's provok'd, ye dye.

Psalm III.

1 WHat numbers, Lord, against me rise,
And in my troubles boast?
2 That say my hopes in God are vain,
And my Condition lost?
3 But, Lord, I'll glory in thee still,
And on thy Pow'r rely;
Thou shalt defend me as a shield,
And lift my head on high.

4 To thee I cry'd in my distress,
And thou from Heav'n didst hear;
5 Safely I slept without concern,
And wak'd without all fear.
6 Tho' thousands of my Foes conspir'd,
My courage should not fail;
Tho' they besieg'd me, I should be
Secur'd, or else prevail.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God;
For thou hast heretofore
Turn'd back my Enemies with shame,
And broken all their pow'r.
8 Those whom the Lord do's Love and own,
He still will bless and save;
Then let this Author of their good,
Their chearfull praises have.

Psalm

Psalm IV.

1 HEar me, O Lord, the great support
Of mine Integrity;
Thou hast my former troubles eas'd,
Now to my Pray'rs draw nigh.
2 Fond men! that would my Glory stain,
My Government despise;
How long will ye pursue vain hopes,
And please your selves with lies?

3 Know that the Lord do's righteous Men
With special favour own:
Tho' you despise me, he ne'er will
On my Petitions frown.
4 Sin not, but fear; let quiet thoughts
Instruct and make you wise;
5 Joyn a pure heart with trust in God
As the best Sacrifice.

6 Tho' others in distrust of thee,
To other succours fly;
Thou art our hope; Lord, cast on us
A favourable Eye.
7 Thy Love more chears my heart than when
Their Corn has wish'd increase;
Or when a happy Vintage makes
Their Wine o'erflow the Press.

8 Down will I lye in Peace, and sleep
Shall close my wearied Eyes;
No fears disturb me, whilst I know
In God my safety lies.

Psalm VI.

[*To the* 100. *Psalm Tune*]

1 LOrd, I can ſuffer thy rebukes,
When thou doſt kindly me chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let not that againſt me riſe.

2 Pitty my languiſhing Eſtate;
And thoſe perplexities I feel,
3 While cruſhed by thy heavy hand,
O let thy gentler touches heal.

4 Lord, for thy goodneſs ſake, return
And ſave my life; for in the Grave
5 None can remember thee, nor thou
Thankfull acknowledgments canſt have.

6 See how I paſs my weary dayes
In ſighs and groanes; and when 'tis night,
I drown my Bed and ſelf in tears;
7 My grief conſumes and dims my ſight.

8 Depart ye wicked Foes; your hopes
Are daſh'd; for this my mournfull voice,
Will bring God nearer to mine aid,
When you come flocking to rejoyce.

9 The Lord hath heard my Pray'r; and thoſe
10 That gap'd upon me as their prey,
Will vex themſelves at their defeat,
And with confuſion turn away.

Psalm VI.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, I can well endure, when thou
Dost kindly me chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it never rise.
2 Pity my weak Estate, and those
Perplexities I feel,
3 While crushed by thy hand; O let
Thy gentler touches heal.

4 In mercy, Lord, return and spare
My life; for in the Grave
5 None can remember thee; nor thou
Acknowledgments canst have.
6 See how I pass my weary days
In groans; and when 'tis night,
I drown my Bed and self in tears;
7 My grief consumes my sight.

8 Depart ye wicked Foes; your hopes
Are dash'd; my mournfull voice
Will bring me help from God, when you
Come flocking to rejoyce.
9 The Lord hath heard my Pray'r, and those
That gaped for a prey;
Vexed at their defeited hopes
With shame shall turn away.

Psalm VIII.

1 O Lord our Governour, on Earth
Thy Name is Excellent;
Thy Glory is exalted far
Above the Firmament.

2 Fro

2 From the weak Pow'rs of Babes, thou mak'ſt
Thy Victories ariſe;
They ſtill the Triumphs of thy Foes,
And ſhame thine Enemies.

3 When I to Heav'n, thy glorious work,
Raiſe mine admiring Eye;
And there behold the Moon and Stars
That beautify the Sky:
4 Lord! what is man, that he ſhould have
In thy kind thoughts a place;
Why doſt thou thus advance and bleſs
His miſerable Race?

5 Tho' lower than the Angels made,
He wears a Glorious Crown:
6 Thy works below all ſtoop to him,
And for their Sov'reign own.
7 The Beaſts that in the Paſtures feed
Or in the Deſarts lie;
8 Fiſhes that move within the Seas,
And Fowls beneath the Sky;

9 Theſe are his Slaves; but let not Man
Diſown God's Government;
Whoſe Pow'r do's rule the World, whoſe Name
Alone is Excellent.

Pſalm IX.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 WIth all my Soul I'll bleſs the Lord,
And all his mighty works proclaim:
2 Gladneſs and Joy ſhall fill my heart,
Whilſt I ſing praiſes to his Name.

7 Th'

7 Th' Eternal God, from change secure,
Has plac'd his Throne in glorious Light;
8 When he appears to judge the World,
His sentence will be just and right.

9 From him th' oppress'd will find relief,
He'll be their refuge in distress;
10 No good Mans Faith was ever sham'd,
His Pray'r ne'er wanted good success.

16 God, by the judgments he inflicts,
Declares his Righteousness to all:
They that lay Trains to hurt the good,
Set Traps t' occasion their own fall.

17 Yea Hell the ruine of them waits,
Who God and Justice disregard:
18 When poor mens wronged Patience
Obtains sure rescue and reward.

19 Arise, O Lord, and interpose,
To blast the wickeds good success,
20 And by their Terrours make them feel
They are but Men, and so confess.

Psalm IX.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 I'll bless the Lord with all my Soul,
And all his works proclaim;
2 Gladness shall fill my heart, whilst I
Sing praises to his Name.
7 Th' Eternal God has plac'd on high
His Throne in glorious light:

8 Wh

8 When he appears to judge the World,
His Sentence will be right.

9 From him th' oppreſs'd will find relief,
And refuge in diſtreſs:
10 No good mens hopes return aſham'd,
Nor Pray'rs without ſucceſs.
16 God by his Judgments do's declare
His righteouſneſs to all:
They that lay Trains to hurt the good,
Set Traps for their own fall.

17 Yea Hell their ruine waits, who God
And Juſtice diſregard;
18 When poor mens wronged Patience
Shall find a ſure reward.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, and overturn
The wickeds good ſucceſs:
20 Affright them ſo, that they may know
They're men, and ſo confeſs.

Pſalm XI.

1 I Truſt in God, why ſhould I then
By thoſe diſcourag'd be,
Who bid me like a frighted Bird
Unto the Mountains flee?
2 For crafty Foes my ruine wait,
Have ready bent their bow:
3 If the Foundations be deſtroy'd,
What can the righteous do?

4 God in his Sanctuary dwells,
Heav'n is his glorious Throne;
From whence he views the Sons of Men,
And judges every one.

5 When he examines righteous men,
He do's their works approve;
Such as are wicked and unjuſt,
His Soul can never love.

6 Snares ſhall befall them, and for theſe
This mixture is made up,
Fire, Brimſtone, and tempeſtuous ſtorms,
The portion of their Cup.
7 God, who himſelf is righteous, do's
In righteouſneſs delight;
And ſtill will favour and protect
The man that is upright.

Pſalm XII

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 IF thou, Lord, doſt not riſe and help,
Goodneſs from Earth will fly away;
And faithfull men will hardly find
A place, if thou much longer ſtay.

2 Diſſimulation credit gains,
They're counted wiſe that act a part;
Who tho' their words are ſmooth and fair,
Intend no kindneſs in their heart.

3 God will baſe Flatterers deſtroy,
And their deceitfull arts will ſhame;
Whoſe Pride no vengeance fears from God,
And count Religion but a name.

4 Pow'r is their Juſtice; whoſe defects
By fraud and falſhood they ſupply;

And

And plead for their injurious tongues
An uncontrolled Liberty.

5 But God who hears the poor mans sighs,
And groans of such as are oppreſt;
At length will vindicate their cauſe,
And raiſe his Pow'r to give them reſt.

6 Gods words from all deceit are pure,
His faithfulneſs has oft been try'd;
Refined Silver's not ſo free
From droſs, tho' ſeven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſes ſhall never fail;
Thou Lord ſhalt keep the juſt from harm;
8 Tho' when the vileſt men have pow'r,
The wicked every where will ſwarm.

Psalm XII

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, if thou doſt not come and help,
Goodneſs will fly away;
And faithfull men will find no place,
If thou much longer ſtay.
2 Diſſimulation credit gains,
They're wiſe that act a part:
Who tho' their words are ſmooth, intend
No kindneſs in their heart.

3 God will baſe Flatterers deſtroy,
And all their Arts will ſhame;
Who fear not Gods Revenge, and count
Religion but a name.

4 Pow'r is their Juſtice; whoſe defects
By falſhood they ſupply;
And plead for their injurious tongues
Unbounded Liberty.

5 But God that hears the ſighs and groans
Of ſuch as are oppreſt;
Will vindicate their cauſe, and raiſe
His pow'r to give them reſt.
6 Gods words from all deceit are free,
His Truth has oft been try'd;
Silver is not ſo free from droſs,
Tho' ſeven times purify'd.

7 Thy promiſe, Lord, ſhall never fail
To keep the juſt from harm;
8 Tho', when the vile have pow'r, bad men
On every ſide will ſwarm.

Pſalm XIV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 THe Fools believe there is no God
That minds th' affairs of men below:
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if they thought it ſo.

Their principles are all corrupt,
Hateſull and vile their actions are;
They're onely skilfull to do ill,
But from all good eſtranged far.

2 God from his glorious Throne above,
Look'd down and took a ſtrict ſurvey,

What

What men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And did his juſt Commands obey.

3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome wickedneſs o'ergrown;
None were Religious and Juſt,
Or practis'd goodneſs, no not one.

4 'Tis ſtrange, they ſhould without remorſe,
Like bread thy people thus devour;
Yet neither own thee by their Pray'rs,
Nor dread the vengeance of thy pow'r.

5 For all their confidence and pride,
Terrors ſhall ſeize them unawares;
When God appears to help the juſt,
And puniſhment for theſe prepares.

6 You now deride their truſt in God;
7 But when from bondage he ſhall bring
Salvation to his people; then
You ſhall be ſad and they ſhall ſing.

Pſalm XIV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 FOols in their hearts have ſaid, No God
Do's mind th' affairs below;
For tho' they ſpeak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere ſo.
Their principles are all corrupt,
Their actions hatefull are;
They're skilfull onely to do ill,
From good eſtranged far.

2 God from his Throne above look'd down,
And took a ſtrict ſurvey,
What men did ſeek and know the Lord,
And his juſt Laws obey.
3 He found them all degenerate,
With loathſome ſins o'ergrown;
What was Religious, juſt and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange! that they ſhould without remorſe,
Like Bread the poor devour:
Yet neither own thee by their Pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.
5 For all their confidence, ſtrange fears
Shall ſeize them unawares:
When God do's help the juſt, for theſe
Due vengeance he prepares.

6 You now deride their truſt in God,
But when his pow'r ſhall bring
Salvation to his people, then
You'll ſigh, and they ſhall ſing.

Pſalm XV.

1 LOrd let me know that happy man,
Whom thou ſo well doſt love;
That he may praiſe thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.
2 'Tis he, whoſe life is free from blame,
Whoſe works are right and juſt;
Whoſe heart and words are true, and whom
One may ſecurely truſt.

3 His Neighbours credit do's not wound
By a detracting tongue;

Nor

Nor in his Infamy delights;
Much leſs would do him wrong.
4 Vile men and their lewd practices,
His vertuous Soul do's loath;
But ſhews to ſuch as fear the Lord,
Kindneſs and honour both.

Who do's not break his Oath, when he
To his own damage ſwears;
But his ſtrict vertue far before
His intereſt prefers.
5 Who hates exaction, and rejects
Bribes to betray the juſt:
This man ſhall ne'er be mov'd, but may
In God ſecurely truſt.

Psalm XVI.

5 GOD is my Portion, all my good
From his rich mercy flows;
And his good Providence ſecures
The bleſſings he beſtows.
6 I envy not the great mans ſtate,
Nor pine to ſee his ſtore:
With what I have I'm pleaſed much,
With what I hope for more.

7 I'll bleſs the Lord, ev'n when he makes
Troubles mine exerciſe;
Thoſe ſad and ſolitary thoughts
Inſtruct and make me wiſe.
8 When God is preſent to my mind,
My fears are over-blown;
When he ſtands by me with his aid,
No pow'r ſhall caſt me down.

9 Therefore my heart and tongue rejoice,
In him my Flesh shall trust;
10 My Soul shall not remain in Hell,
Nor Body in the Dust.
11 The path of life they both shall find;
And in thy presence tast
Pleasures to full perfection grown,
And joys that ever last.

Psalm XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns, whose beauteous frame we (see,
Gods Skill and Pow'r proclaim;
2 The Laws by which each Day succeeds
The Night, declare the same.
3 These tho' they have no voice like ours,
Nor words to them belong;
4 Yet they express to all the World
Thy praise, without a tongue.

5 The Sun has there a glorious Tent:
No Bridegroom shews his Face
So chearfull, nor no Champion runs
With so much strength his Race.
6 Forth from the Eastern Coast he bends
His course unto the West:
All th' Earth rejoices in his light,
And by his heat is blest.

7 Gods Law's a perfect Rule of Life,
Our errours this discries;
Sinners to goodness this converts,
And makes the simple wise.
8 To Reason and our better Pow'rs
His just Commands accord:

Their

Their joys are pure, and to the Soul
Both Food and Light afford.

Part II.

9 Thy fear, O Lord, can cleanse our Souls,
And keep them pure and bright:
Thy Judgments are exactly true,
And altogether right.
10 More to be pris'd than treasures, which
With finest Gold are fill'd:
Sweeter than Honey, and the drops
From Honey-Combs distill'd.

11 These are my Monitors, to whom
My prosperous state I own;
And in observing these shall gain
Rewards that are unknown.
12 But all the failings of his life
What man can call to mind?
Lord, let those faults thy pity move,
And easie pardon find.

13 Tho' frail I am, let no bold crimes
Enslave my Soul to sin:
So shall I blameless innocence
Maintain, and peace within.
14 My Pray'rs and praises then shall be
A pleasing Sacrifice
To thee, my God, in whom my strength
And my Salvation lies.

Psalm XXI.

1 O Lord, how joyfull is the King
With thy Salvation blest!
2 Thou'st given him his hearts desire,
And granted his request.
3 Prevented by thy wond'rous Love
A splendid Crown he wears;
4 The Life he asked was prolong'd
T' innumerable years.

5 By thee preserv'd, his Glory's great,
With Majesty array'd;
6 By thee for ever highly blest,
And in thy favour glad.
7 The King do's on the Lord rely,
Whose grace will make him stand:
8 But those that are thy Foes, shall know
The Terrour of thy hand.

9 Thy flaming wrath shall them devour,
10 And all their Seed root out:
11 Repay the mischief they design'd,
But could not bring about.
12 These shall be made the mark, at which
Thy killing Arrows aim;
13 Thus, Lord, exalt thy Pow'r, and we
Will sing and praise thy Name.

Psalm XXII.

25 THe praises due to thee, O Lord,
Shall in thy Church be pay'd;
Before thy Saints those vows perform'd,
That in distress I made.

26 The longings of the poor and meek
Thy goodneſs ſhall ſupply:
Thou ſhalt revive their fainting hopes,
That on thy ſtrength rely.

27 The Gentiles by his Kindneſs won,
Shall turn unto the Lord;
By all the Kindreds of the Earth
His name ſhall be ador'd.
28 The Lord is King; and under him
Princes their Scepters ſway;
All Nations pay him homage, and
His pow'rfull Rule obey.

29 The Rich with plenty fill'd, the Poor
That wallow in the Duſt;
Both ſhall adore, and thee alone
Their great Preſerver truſt.
30 A choſen Seed ſhall to their Race
Declare his Righteouſneſs;
31 What God has done for them, will raiſe
His Mercies fame no leſs.

Pſalm XXIII.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 GOD is my Shepherd, who will ſee
That all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd;
I ſhall not be expos'd to wrong,
Nor left to ſtray without a Guide.

2 The Paſtures they are freſh and green,
Where I have eaſe and ſweet repaſt:

The

The streams are cool and quiet, where
I quench my thirst and please my taste.

3 His comforts, which revive my Soul,
Lifes tedious journey pleasant make;
And in the peacefull ways of Grace
He leads me, for his goodness sake.

4 Tho' I should walk, where black despair,
And sorrow casts a dismal shade;
Thy Power and thy tender care
Would chase my fears, and make me glad.

5 Thou spread'st my Table, where my Foes
Behold thy Bounty, and repine
To see rich Oils anoint my head,
And see my Cup o'erflow with Wine.

6 Surely the Goodness of the Lord
Shall still surround me all my days:
I will frequent thy House, and there
Display thy Love, and sing thy praise.

Psalm XXIII.

[illegible]

1 THE Lord my carefull Shepherd is,
I to his flock belong:
I shall not stray without a Guide,
Nor be expos'd to wrong.
2 The pastures they are fresh and green,
Where I have food and ease:
He leads me to the quiet streams
Where I my thirst appease.

3 His comforts which refresh my Soul,
Lifes journey pleasant make;
He guides me in his righteous paths,
For his own Goodness sake.
4 Tho' I should walk where black despair
Reflects a dismal shade;
Thy Rod and Staff would chase away
My fears, and make me glad.

5 In presence of my Foes, thou spread'st
My Table, who repine
To see rich Oils anoint my Head,
My Cup o'erflow with Wine.
6 Surely the Goodness of the Lord
Shall Crown my future days;
I will frequent his House, to shew
His Love, and sing his praise.

Psalm XXIV.

1 THE Earth's the Lords, to him belong
All Creatures it contains;
His gratious care to all the World
Extends, o'er which he Reigns.
2 He did upon the Seas & [illegible]
The Earths great Fabrick lay;
And on th' unstable Floods, he made
Her fixt Foundations stay.

3 Into that Hill where God resides,
Who shall admitted be?
Lord, who within thy holy place,
May stand and worship thee?
4 He whose unspotted hands no crimes,
Whose heart no stains defile;

Whose

Whose tongue blasphemes not God, nor swears
His Neighbour to beguile.

5 Such men unto thine Altar may
Their free approaches make;
God hears their Pray'rs, and they are sure
His Blessings to partake.
7 Ye Gates and everlasting Doors,
Be open and make room;
Lift up your Heads, and you shall see
The King of Glory come.

8 If you demand, what Lord is this?
And who's this Glorious King?
It is the Mighty Lord of Hosts,
Who do's Salvation bring.

Psalm XXV.

1 TO God I make my Pray'r,
In him my trust repose;
2 O let me not become a scorn
Or triumph to my Foes.
3 Let no [illegible]
Their Souls [illegible] on thee;
Let disappointments shame their hopes,
That deal perfidiously.

4 The ways thou, Lord, dost chuse
Make me to know aright;
And teach me always to perform
What's pleasing in thy sight.
5 From the streight paths of Truth
Ne'er let me go astray;

From

From thee, my Saviour, I beg
Direction every day.

6 Lord, call to mind that Love,
Thou didſt of old expreſs;
How thou haſt graciouſly reliev'd
Thy Servants, in diſtreſs.
7 Into my youthfull ſins
No ſtrict inquiry make;
Thoſe early faults, O Lord, forgive,
For thine own goodneſs ſake.

Part II.

8 God who is good and juſt,
Will erring Souls inſtruct;
Their wandring ſteps to the ſafe paths
Of Vertue will conduct.
9 The humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the meek his way;
10 Kindneſs and Truth expreſs to ſuch
As his juſt Laws obey.

11 Incourag'd by thy grace,
For mercy I intreat;
Pardon my Sins, O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great.
12 Who is that happy Man
That fears the Lord above?
He'll ever lead him in the ways
That he himſelf doth love.

13 Poſſeſs'd with quiet thoughts
His Soul ſhall dwell at eaſe;
His Seed ſhall after him enjoy
Proſperity and Peace.

14 The secrets of his Love
God will make known to those
That fear him, and the blessings he
Reserves, to them disclose.

Part. III.

15 In all my troubles, Lord,
Mine Eyes are towards thee;
I hope thy goodness at the last.
From all will set me free.
16 Lord, turn a gratious Eye
To me, and mercy show;
Great are th' afflictions I endure,
And find no help below.

17 My troubles are enlarg'd,
Lord, send me quick relief;
18 Grant me forgiveness of my sins,
And then remove my grief.
19 Consider how my Foes
In number still increase;
How they with causeless hatred seek
The ruine of my Peace.

20 Preserve and keep my Soul
From shame as well as guilt;
O never disappoint the hopes
That I on thee have built.
21 Let my try'd Innocence
Find sure supports from thee;
At length thy chosen people, Lord,
From all their troubles free.

Psalm XXVI.

1 PLead thou my cause, O thou that know'st
My Souls integrity:
Nothing shall shake my Confidence,
Whilst I on thee rely.
2 Mine inmost thoughts I offer, Lord,
To thine impartial Eye;
O try my heart, lest any sin
Should there concealed lie.

3 The contemplation of thy Love
Gives me the best delight:
This both engages and excites
My care to walk aright.
6 My thoughts and actions I'll preserve
Free from impurity;
And then th' Oblations I present,
Shall acceptable be.

7 Then I aloud with chearfull voice
Thy goodness will proclaim;
And tell of all thy wond'rous works,
To magnify thy Name.

Psalm XXVII.

7 TO my Petitions, Lord, return
An answer full of grace:
8 Thy face thou bad'st me seek, and I
Resolve to seek thy face.

9 Lord,

9 Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thy face, nor me reject;
Those succours I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

10 My Parents Love is not so great
As thine, nor care so large;
When they forsake me, I become
Still more thy care and charge.
11 Lord, let me plainly see the way
Where I may safely tread;
Avoiding all the cunning snares
Mine Enemies have laid.

13 How wretched had I been, when I
With troubles was oppress,
Had I not hop'd thy mercy would
Secure my Peace and Rest.
14 Wait still on God, my Soul, from him,
Courage and Strength derive;
Tho' he delay, he will at length
Thy fainting heart revive.

Psalm XXVIII.

1 HEar me, O Lord, my sure defence,
When I thy succour crave;
Else I shall be like them that lie
Neglected in the Grave.
6 Blest be the Lord, who bow'd his Ear
To those requests I made;
7 I trusted in his strength and found
His seasonable aid.

Thy

Thy favour, Lord, has made my heart
Exceedingly rejoice;
In gratefull Hymns I will advance
Thy praise with chearfull voice.
8 Those that upon his Pow'r rely,
God will protect and own;
And his Anointed save whom he
Has raised to his Throne.

9 Lord, bless thy people, who to thee
Do all their safety owe;
Feed thou thy Flock, and raise them up
When they are fallen low.

Psalm XXIX.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 THE glorious Empire of the Lord
Ye Rulers of the World proclaim;
2 And in his Sanctuary give
The Honour due unto his Name.

3 Hearк, how his thund'ring voice do's run
Through all the Regions of the Sky;
The Clouds are frighted with the noise,
4 So full of Pow'r and Majesty.

5 The lofty Cedars bow their Heads,
And break before the mighty sound;
6 Mountains that bear them feel the shock,
And like a frighted Calf rebound.

7 Before

7 Before this voice the dreadfull flames
Of pointed Lightnings tear the air;
8 Wild Creatures, that in deſarts dwell,
Think they're not ſafe, but quake for fear.

9 This makes the timorous Hinds to Calve,
Wild Beaſts the naked Thickets leave;
But in his ſacred Temple all
Fearleſs to God their praiſes give.

10 The Lords Dominion do's extend
To Clouds above and Floods below;
11 This great Protector of the good,
Will reſt and Peace on his beſtow.

Pſalm XXX.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 MY God, ſince thou haſt rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extoll with thankfull voice;
Who haſt ſecur'd me from thoſe harms,
That would have made my Foes rejoyce.

2 With troubles worn, and grief oppreſs'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didſt ſave;
3 Thou didſt ſupport my ſinking hopes,
My Life didſt reſcue from the Grave.

4 Wherefore rejoice ye Saints of his,
Proclaim the praiſes of the Lord;
His goodneſs often call to mind,
And his Fidelity record.

5 His

5 His anger is but ſhort; his Love,
Which is our Life, do's longer ſtay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But comfort riſes with the day.

11 By thee my mournfull ſtate is chang'd,
My Sackcloth now is thrown away;
And gladneſs girds me who before
In black deſpair and horrour lay.

12 My tongue no longer ſilent be,
But to the Lord due glory give;
And ſtrive that in thy thankfull Verſe
His fame Eternally may Live.

Pſalm XXX.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 SInce thou haſt rais'd me, I'll extoll
My God with thankfull voice;
Who free'd me from thoſe harms, that would
Have made my Foes rejoice.
2 With grief and troubles worn, to thee
I cry'd, and thou did'ſt ſave:
3 Thou, Lord, my ſinking hopes and life
Didſt reſcue from the Grave.

4 Then let the Saints with joy proclaim
The praiſes of the Lord;
His goodneſs call to mind; and his
Fidelity record.
5 His wrath's but ſhort: his Love, which is
Our Life, do's longer ſtay:
Weeping may for a Night endure,
But joy comes with the Day.

11 My

11 My mournfull State is chang'd, and now
My Sackcloth's thrown away;
Gladness surrounds me, who before
In dismal sorrows lay.
12 My Tongue no longer silent be;
To God due praises give;
That in thy thankfull verse, his fame
Eternally may Live.

Psalm XXXII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 O Happy Man! whom God forgives
And hides what he has done amiss;
2 Owns him as if he had not sinn'd,
Whose heart sincere and upright is.

3 My woes increas'd, whilst I suppress
My guilt, no quiet I could get;
4 Thy wrath did press me like a weight,
And scorch'd me like the Summers heat.

5 I then resolved to disclose
My crimes, and open all my wound;
I humbly did confess my sins
To thee, and easie pardon found.

6 This mercy shall invite good men
In season to implore thine aid;
Then tho' their troubles like a Flood
Should rise, they need not be afraid.

7 Tho

7 Thou, Lord, ſhalt be my ſafe retreat,
To thee I'll fly in all diſtreſs;
Thou wilt preſerve me; and in Songs
Of Victory I'll thee confeſs.

8 I'll counſel Sinners to obey;
9 And not be like the Horſe or Mule,
Whoſe fury, till they're broke and tam'd,
No Rein can guide, no Curb can rule.

10 Such Sinners meet with heavy ſtrokes;
11 While thoſe that truſt in God, ſhall prove
The happy men: then let the Juſt
Rejoice and triumph in his Love.

Pſalm XXXII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Bleſſed man whom God forgives,
And hides what's done amiſs:
2 On whom no ſin is charg'd; whoſe heart
Sincere and upright is.
3 Whilſt I ſuppreſs'd my inward guilt,
No quiet I could get:
4 Thy hand did preſs me, and thy wrath
Scorch'd me like Summers heat.

5 I then reſolved to diſcloſe
My Crimes, and ope' my wound:
I humbly did confeſs my ſins,
And eaſie pardon found.
6 This mercy ſhall in ſeaſon draw
Good men t'implore thy aid:
Then tho' the Floods of Trouble riſe,
They need not be afraid.

7 Thou

7 Thou art my Refuge, Lord, to thee
I'll fly in all distress;
Thou wilt preserve me; and my Songs
Thy mercies shall confess.
8 I'll teach proud men t'obey; and not
Be like the Horse or Mule;
9 Whose Fury till they're broke, no Rein
Can guide, no Curb can rule.

10 Such meet with heavy strokes; whilst those
That trust in God, shall prove
The happy men: then let them joy
And Triumph in his Love.

Psalm XXXIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 YE righteous in the Lord rejoice,
And let his praise be your delight;
For praise is lovely, and becomes
The lips of those that are upright.

4 Gods word is, like its Author, good,
His Laws from all injustice free;
His promise sure, and all his works
Are done in Truth and Equity.

5 Works that are right and just, secure
His favour, and his pleasure are;
The Earth with various blessings fill'd,
To us his kindness do's declare.

6 The vaſt extended Orbs of Heav'n
By his commanding word were made;
And all its numerous Hoſts, from his
Creating breath their beings had.

7 The Seas proud Waves within the ſhores,
To which they are confined, keep;
Whoſe Waters ſafely are laid up
In the great Store-Houſe of the deep.

8 Then to the Lord by men on Earth
Let fear and due regard be ſhown;
May all the World his awfull pow'r
By humble adorations own.

Part. II.

12 O happy he! whoſe ſervice ſhows
That God his choſen Ruler is;
And happy they! whom God declares
By's ſpecial care, that they are his.

13 Th' Almighty on the Sons of Men
Looks down from his Celeſtial Throne;
14 And all the dwellers on the Earth
Views from his glorious Manſion.

15 He equally did make them all,
Their hearts he faſhion'd one by one;
And all their inmoſt thoughts, to him
Better than to themſelves, are known.

18 The Lord on thoſe that fear his Name
Looks with a favourable Eye;
He ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His goodneſs ſtedfaſtly rely.

20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, thou art
Our ſuccour and our ſure defence;
21 What e'er befalls us, we may truſt
In thee with chearfull confidence.

22 So let thy mercies, Lord, on us
Deſcend, like a refreſhing ſhow'r;
As all our hope and joy depends
Upon thy favour and thy pow'r.

Psalm XXXIII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 REjoyce, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
And praiſe him with delight:
For thankfulneſs becomes the lips
Of thoſe that are upright.
4 His word is good, and all his Laws
Are from injuſtice free;
His promiſe ſure; and all his ways
Are Truth and Equity.

5 Works that are juſt ſecure his Love,
As they his pleaſure are;
The Earth with Bleſſings fill'd, to us
His goodneſs do's declare.
6 Th' extended Orbs of Heav'n, by his
Commanding word were made;
And from his Breath its numerous Hoſts
Their ſeveral Beings had.

7 The Seas proud Waves within the ſhores
Confined limits keep;
Whoſe Waters are laid up within
The Storehouſe of the deep.

8 L

8 Let all men fear the Lord, to him
Let due regard be ſhown:
May all the World his awfull pow'r
By humble worſhip own.

Part. II.

12 O happy he! whoſe ſervice ſhows
That God his Ruler is;
And happy they! whom God declares
By's Care, that they are his.
13 God on the Sons of Men looks down
From his Celeſtial Throne;
14 Views all the dwellers on the Earth
From his bright Manſion.

15 He made them equally, their hearts
He faſhion'd one by one;
More clearly all their thoughts to him,
Than to themſelves are known.
18 The Lord on thoſe that fear his Name
Looks with a Gratious Eye:
And ne'er will fail their hopes, that on
His Goodneſs do rely.

20 Now, Lord, we wait for thee, who art
Our help and our defence:
21 In all Eſtates we truſt in thee
With chearfull confidence.
22 Lord, let thy grace on us deſcend
Like a refreſhing ſhow'r;
For all our hope and joys depend
On thine Almighty Pow'r.

Psalm XXXIV.

1 GOD, who my kind Preſerver is,
I will at all times bleſs;
My tongue ſhall daily be employ'd
His goodneſs to confeſs.
2 In God my Soul ſhall boaſt, good men
Shall hear it, and rejoice;
3 And to exalt his glorious Name,
Join both in heart and voice.

4 I ſought the Lord in my diſtreſs,
And gratiouſly he heard;
His timely ſuccours did prevent
The threatning harm I fear'd.
7 Bleſt Angels, which on God attend,
Yet wait t' encompaſs ſuch
As fear him, to preſerve them ſafe
When dangers near approach.

8 O taſte and ſee, as I have done;
And then confeſs you muſt,
That God is good, and they are bleſt
That in his goodneſs truſt.

Part. II.

12 What man would have his years prolong'd
And happy days would ſee?
13 Refrain thy tongue and lips from all
Deceit and Injury.
14 From all unrighteous ways depart,
From doing good ne'er ceaſe;
Seek all mens quiet, and purſue
The things that make for peace.

15 God

15 God loves the righteous, and on them
He caſts a gratious Eye;
His Ear's attentive to their ſuits
And open to their cry.
17 Nor do they cry in vain: wiſh'd help
And eaſe their troubles have;
18 God will draw near to broken hearts,
And contrite ſpirits ſave.

19 Tho' good men oft afflicted are,
At length God ſets them free;
20 His care do's to their Bodies reach,
No bone ſhall broken be.
21 Bad men ſhall periſh, when they're plagu'd,
With all that hate the Juſt;
22 Whom God will keep, and never fail
Their hopes that on him truſt.

Pſalm XXXVI.

5 BEyond the limits of the Skie
Thy mercy, Lord, extends;
Thy faithfulneſs the narrow bounds
Of ſpace and time tranſcends.
6 Mountains may be remov'd, before
Thy truth ſhall fail the leaſt;
Thy judgments none can fathom; thou
Preſerveſt Man and Beaſt.

7 But who can prize enough that Love
God bears unto the juſt;
Under whoſe Providence and care
Good men ſecurely truſt.

8 They to the Plenty of thy Houſe
For all ſupplies ſhall look;
And freely of thy pleaſures drink
As from a running Brook.

9 For all the Springs of Joy and Life
Derived are from thee;
From thy continued favour flows
All our Felicity.
10 To thoſe that thus eſteem thy Love,
Thy kindneſs ſtill impart;
And all thy promiſes fulfill
To men of upright heart.

Pſalm XXXVII.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 LET none be envious, when he ſees
The wickeds proſperous Eſtate;
Nor, tempted by their good ſucceſs,
Grow bold their Crimes to imitate.

2 For ſo the Graſs is freſh and green,
Before the Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous Flow'rs, within a while
Are withered by the ſcorching Sun.

3 He's wiſe that's always doing good,
And on God's goodneſs do's rely;
4 Thus thy Enjoyments he'll ſecure,
And all thy juſt deſires ſupply.

5 Leave

5 Leave thy concerns unto his care,
In firm dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou wouldſt have,
Or what he knows is better give.

6 Tho' ſlanders and detracting tongues,
Like Clouds, thy Righteouſneſs obſcure;
He'll clear thy Innocence, the Light
At Noon ſhall not appear more pure.

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
That little which contents the poor,
Is better far, than wicked mens
Ill-got or ill-employed ſtore.

Part. II.

23 The Lord directs a good man's ſteps
And he delighteth in his way;
24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r is his ſupport and ſtay.

25 In all th' experience of my life,
That Liberal man I ne'er could ſee,
Whoſe Alms expos'd himſelf to want,
Or brought his Race to Beggary.

26 He's ever merciſull and lends,
And thus his Seed a bleſſing gain;
27 If thou wouldſt therefore happy be,
Do good and from all ſin abſtain.

28 For God whoſe Nature's good and juſt,
Thoſe that are like himſelf will own;
They ſhall continue; when the race
Of wicked men is overthrown.

35 I've seen the wicked rise to pow'r,
Flourish like Laurels ever green;
36 But suddenly their ruine came,
And no remainder could be seen.

37 Mark but the good and perfect man,
And him that's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy life,
And quiet peace concludes his days.

Psalm XXXVII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LET none be troubled to behold
The wickeds prosp'rous State;
Nor by their good success grow bold
Their crimes to imitate.
2 For Grass is fresh and green, before
The Mower cuts it down;
And beauteous Flowers within a while
Are withered by the Sun.

3 He's wise that's doing good, and on
God's goodness do's rely;
4 Thus thy Enjoyments he'll secure,
Thy just desires supply.
5 Leave thy concerns to him, in firm
Dependance on him live;
He'll either grant what thou would'st have,
Or what is better give.

6 Tho' slanderous tongues should like a Cloud
Thy Righteousness obscure;
He'll clear thy innocence, the light
Shall not appear more pure.

16 Think

16 Think not mere wealth makes happy men;
For what contents the poor,
Is better than Bad mens ill-got
Or ill-employed ſtore.

Part. II.

23 The Lord that guides a good man's ſteps,
Delighteth in his way;
24 He is not ruin'd by his falls,
God's pow'r will be his ſtay.
25 In all my Life I never yet
That liberal man could ſee;
Whoſe Alms expos'd himſelf to want,
Or Race to Beggary.

26 He mercifully lends, and thus
His Seed a bleſſing gain;
27 If thou wouldſt then be bleſt, do good
And from all ſin abſtain.
28 God that is Good and Juſt, will thoſe
That him reſemble own;
They ſhall continue, when the Race
Of Bad men is o'erthrown.

35 I've ſeen the wicked riſe, and ſpread
Like Laurels freſh and green;
36 But when his haſty ruine came,
No remnant could be ſeen.
37 Mark but the perfect man, and him
That's upright in his ways;
Mercy attends his happy life,
And peace concludes his days.

Psalm XXXIX.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

4 LOrd, teach me, when my latter end
And number of my days I view;
To measure right my self and them,
How I am frail, and they are few.

5 My days extent is but a span,
Mine age is nothing unto thee;
Man in his flourishing estate
Is altogether vanity.

6 A shadow's all that he pursues,
But his vexations real are;
He heaps up wealth, and knows not who
Shall reap the profit of his care.

7 Let others Foolishly expect
How kind the flatt'ring World will prove;
I'll seek my God alone to please,
And be ambitious of his Love.

11 How weak and nothing we appear,
When God for sin do's man chastise!
Like Garments fretted by the moth,
So all his beauty ruin'd lies.

12 My poor Petitions, Lord, regard,
And to my mournfull cry give Ear;
A wandring stranger here on Earth
I am, as all my Fathers were.

13 Lord,

13 Lord, my decaying ſtrength repair,
And ſpare me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go away from hence and dye.

Pſalm XXXIX.

[*Another Metre.*]

4 LOrd, teach me, when my end and days
I have to live, I view;
To know my ſelf and them, how frail
I am, and they are few.
5 My days are but a ſpan, mine Age
Is nothing unto thee;
When man is in his beſt eſtate,
He's onely vanity.

6 A ſhadow he purſues, but his
Vexations real are;
Gets wealth, but knows not who ſhall reap
The profit of his care.
7 Let others fooliſhly expect
How kind the World will prove;
I'll ſeek to pleaſe my God, and be
Ambitious of his Love.

11 How weak alas! we are, when God
For ſin do's Man chaſtiſe;
Like Garments fretted by the moth,
His Beauty ruin'd lies.
12 My mournfull State, O Lord, regard,
And to my cry give Ear;
I am a Stranger here on Earth,
As all my Fathers were.

13 Repair

13 Repair my ſtrength, O God, and ſpare
Me yet a while, that I
May make my peace with thee, before
I go from hence, and dye.

Pſalm XL.

1 'TIS good with patience to attend,
And on the Lord rely;
When other ſuccours fail'd, to him
I pray'd, who heard my cry.
2 I that in miſery was plung'd,
Surrounded with deſpair;
Am ſafely plac'd above my fears,
And firm my goings are.

3 And now I'll chearfull praiſes ſing
To God, that ſet me free;
Whilſt this thy goodneſs do's invite
Others to truſt in thee.
4 O happy man that truſts in God,
And can the proud deſpiſe!
With the deceitfull arts of ſuch
As turn aſide to lies.

Part. II.

5 Thy wond'rous works and thoughts of Love
To us ſo many are;
If I would tell them, they exceed
My thoughts and value far.
6 When Sacrifices, Lord, to thee
No longer gratefull were;

And

And when obedience thou before
Burnt Offerings didſt prefer;

7 Inſtead of theſe, that I ſhould come,
Thy Sacred Books recite;
8 Thy Law is in my heart, and I
To do thy will delight.
9 Within thy Church I have made known
How great thy Mercies are;
Thy Truth and Faithfulneſs, my tongue
To publiſh ſhall not ſpare.

11 O let my preſervation ſpeak
How true thou art and kind;
And thoſe compaſſions I proclaim,
Lord, let me ever find.

Pſalm XLI.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſt is the man, whoſe tender ſenſe
Is touched with another's grief;
Who when he hears the poor man's cry,
Affords him pity and relief.

God will his Charity repay,
In time of need will be his Friend;
When troubles to his Lot ſhall fall,
He'll make them have an happy end.

2 Threatned by danger or diſeaſe,
His Life he'll reſcue from the Grave;

Proſper

Prosper his State on Earth; and from
His Foes and all their malice save.

3 He'll strengthen him upon his Bed
Of languishing infirmity;
Secure of God's compassions,
His weary Limbs will softer lie.

4 Wounded and sore oppress with guilt,
I cry'd for pity and for ease;
Lord, let thy mercies heal my Soul,
Whose sins are onely less than these.

13 Blest be that Majesty above,
Whom all true Worshippers adore;
Let every Age consent, and say
Amen, till time shall be no more.

Psalm XLII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 O God, the Spring of all my joys,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
No chased Hart do's pant so much
After the cooling Water-brook.

2 Less grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own House, than, Lord, from thine;
Oh how I wisht t' approach that place,
Where all thy Glories use to shine.

3 The sorrows of my Banishment
Increase, and tears become my food;

Whilst

Whilſt mine inſulting Foes reproach
My Faith, and ſay, where's now thy God?

4 Paſt joys renew my Grief, to think
How to thine Houſe in Troops we came;
What chearfull Feaſts we kept, and ſang
Praiſes in conſort to thy Name.

5 Why ſhould I cheriſh theſe ſad thoughts
Whence nought but perturbation flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Why ſhould you hinder my re- oſe?

I've learnt the Remedy at laſt;
To keep my Paſſions calm and ſtill;
I'm nearer help by hope in God
And reſignation to his will.

Pſalm XLII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLeſt Fountain of my joys, for thee
I long, to thee I look;
No chaſed Hart do's pant ſo much
After the Water-brook.
2 Leſs grief it is to be exil'd
From mine own Houſe, than thine;
Oh how I wiſh t' approach the place,
Where all thy Glories ſhine!

3 This makes my ſorrows to increaſe,
And tears become my food;
To hear my Foes reproach my Faith,
And ſay, where's now thy God?

4 Paſt

4 Past joys renew my Grief, to think
How to thine House we came
In Troops to Feast, and praises sang
In consort to thy Name.

5 Why should I cherish these sad thoughts
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wish,
Hinder not my repose.
I've learnt this Remedy, to keep
My Passions calm and still:
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a resigned will.

Psalm XLIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 THou righteous Judge of all the World,
Be thou my gratious Advocate;
And clear mine Innocence from those
Whose craft is equal to their hate.

2 Why, Lord, dost thou with-hold that pow'r
On which alone my Soul relies?
And look'st not on my mournfull state,
Oppress by cruel Enemies?

3 Thy mercy and thy truth display;
That by the conduct of thy Light
Thy Courts I may attain, and there
May have of thee a fuller sight.

4 T'ap-

4 T' approach thine Altar would revive
My Spirit, and all my gladneſs raiſe:
Where I thy goodneſs would proclaim
With all the Inſtruments of praiſe.

5 Why ſhould I entertain ſad thoughts
Whence nought but perturbation flows?
Since they procure not what I wiſh,
Why ſhould they hinder my repoſe?

I've learnt this Remedy at laſt,
To keep my Paſſions calm and ſtill;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And reſignation to his will.

Pſalm XLIII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GReat Judge of all the World, be thou
My gratious Advocate;
To plead my cauſe 'gainſt thoſe, whoſe craft
Is equal to their hate.
2 Why, Lord, doſt thou with-hold that pow'r
On which my Soul relies?
And look'ſt not on my ſtate oppreſs'd
By cruel Enemies?

3 Thy Mercy and thy Truth diſplay,
That, guided by thy Light,
I may attain thy Courts, and have
Of thee a fuller ſight.
4 T'approach thine Altar would revive
My Soul, my joys would raiſe:

Where

Where I thy goodneſs would proclaim
With inſtruments of praiſe.

5 Why ſhould I entertain ſad thoughts,
Whence nought but trouble flows?
Since you procure not what I wiſh,
Hinder not my repoſe.
I've learnt this Remedy, to keep
My paſſions calm and ſtill;
I'm nearer help by hope in God,
And a reſigned will.

Pſalm XLV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

2 O Glorious King! thy form Divine
Created Beauties do's outſhine;
All graces on thy Lips are powr'd,
On thee Eternal Bleſſings ſhowr'd.

3 Gird thy bright Sword upon thy thigh,
The Ornament of Majeſty;
Like an illuſtrious Prince appear,
And ſhew how great thy Glories are.

4 Ride on in triumph, and maintain
The Vertues that adorn thy train;
Wrong'd Meekneſs, Truth and Equity
Look onely for ſupport from thee.

Thine Enemies amazed ſtand,
Struck with the Terrour of thy hand;

5 Who

5 Who needs muſt fall, ſince thy keen Darts
Will find a paſſage to their hearts.

6 Thy Throne, O God, is fixed ſure,
Thy Kingdom ever ſhall endure;
Thy Laws, the Sceptre in thy hand,
Oppreſs not thoſe whom they command.

7 Vice thou doſt hate and Juſtice love;
Therefore thy Glories far above
Thy Fellows ſhine; thy God has ſhed
More Oil of Gladneſs on thy head.

Psalm XLVI.

1 TH' Almighty Lord is our defence,
The ſtrength whereby we ſtand;
When troubles their approaches make,
His help is nigh at hand.
2 Our faith may then remain unmov'd,
Tho' th' Earth ſhould be diſplac'd;
Or tho' into the Seas vaſt gulph
The Mountains ſhould be caſt.

3 Although the Oceans troubled waves
A frightfull noiſe ſhould make;
Should riſe and ſwell unto the Clouds,
And cauſe the Hills to ſhake.
4 There is a quiet ſtream makes glad
The City of the Lord;
5 His preſence will ſecure her peace,
And timely help afford.

6 The Nations rage and threaten War,
But God is on our ſide;
7 One word of his diſſolves their force,
And daunts their ſwelling pride.
8 See what his hand has done; it draws
The Sword out of its ſheath;
Which, while he gives it leave, triumphs
In ſlaughter and in death.

9 Then by another word he makes
Deſtructive Wars to ceaſe;
He breaks their Arms, the Bow and Spear,
And crowns the Earth with Peace.
10 Ceaſe then, fond men, to ſtrive with God,
Whoſe pow'r is over all;
For fear leſt he exalt himſelf
In your unpitied fall.

Pſalm XLVII.

1 O All ye people, clap your hands,
And make a chearfull noiſe;
With Acclamations to your God
Declare your inward joys.
2 His high Perfections do proclaim
Him greatly to be fear'd;
This King of all the World commands
Your honour and regard.

5 In a triumphant ſtate our Lord
Is gone above the Skies;
Trumpets proclaim our joys, and all
Applaud his Victories.

6 Sing

6 Sing chearfull praiſes to our God,
Sing praiſes to our King;
7 He's Lord of all the Earth his praiſe
With underſtanding ſing.

8 God o'er the Heathen people reigns;
And in that Throne is plac'd,
Where he in Glory ſits, and thence
Shall judge the World at laſt.

Psalm XLIX.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

5 WHy ſhould the Man that truſts in God,
Affright himſelf with needleſs fear,
To ſee th' approaches of old Age,
Or that unwelcome Death draws near?

6 Vain men applaud their ſtores; yet none
7 His Brother can from dying ſave;
8 Lifes purchaſe is too great; no wealth
9 Can buy our freedom from the Grave.

10 The Aſhes of the wiſe and good
With Fools together mingled lye;
The rich, tho' loth to go, muſt leave
The World with all their wealth, and dye.

11 Some think on Houſes that they build,
Their fame eternally ſhall ſtand;
And, to preſerve their memory,
Give their own names unto their Land.

12 Death

12 Death levels all their ſtate with Beaſts,
Makes all their ſplendid Titles fade;
13 Yet their Poſterity approves
The Follies and miſtakes they made.

14 Driv'n to the Grave like Sheep, their ſtrength
And Beauty ſhall conſume away;
And in Death's fold inclos'd ſhall lye,
Till the great Reſurrection Day.

A Day wherein the Juſt ſhall reign,
And o'er the Bad Dominion have,
15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to bliſs,
After I'm raiſed from the Grave.

Part. II.

16 Be not concern'd, when one's made rich,
Or honour'd here; for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away from hence,
And ſtript of all his Glory lies.

18 Tho' whilſt he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf;
And other men are apt to praiſe
His prudent management, that ſtrives
His Wealth or Family to raiſe;

19 It's Folly all; ſince he muſt tread
The Path his Fathers went before;
And in the place where now he dwells,
Never ſee light or comfort more.

20 Man that to Honour is advanc'd,
And with true Wiſedom is not bleſt,
Tho' pleas'd with falſe and flatt'ring hopes,
Shall die and periſh like a Beaſt.

Psalm XLIX.

[*Another Metre.*]

5 WHerefore ſhould he that truſts in God,
Affright himſelf with fear,
To ſee old Age approach, or when
Unwelcome Death draws near?
6 Men boaſt their ſtores, and yet none can
7 From Death his Brother ſave;
8 Lifes purchaſe is too great, to buy
9 Our freedom from the Grave.

10 The Aſhes of the wiſe, with Fools
Together blended lie;
The rich, tho' loth, muſt leave the World
With all their Wealth, and die.
11 Some think on Houſes that they build
Their Fame ſhall ever ſtand;
And that their names may not be loſt,
They give them to their Land.

12 Death levels all their pomp with Beaſts,
Makes all their Titles fade;
13 Yet their Poſterity approves
All the miſtakes they made.
14 Driv'n to the Grave like Sheep, their ſtrength
And Beauty fades away:
And there ſhall lie incloſed, till
The Reſurrection Day.

Then ſhall the Juſt men reign, and o'er
The Bad Dominion have;

15 Then

15 Then I ſhall be receiv'd to Bliſs,
When raiſed from the Grave.

Part. II.

16 Envy not him that's glorious here
Or rich; for when he dies,
17 Naked he goes away, and ſtript
Of all his Glory lies.
18 Tho' whilſt he liv'd he bleſs'd himſelf;
And men are apt to praiſe
That prudent management, which wealth
And Families do's raiſe;

19 'Tis Folly all; for he muſt go
Where others went before,
And never, where he now muſt dwell,
See light or comfort more.
20 Man that is honour'd here, and with
True wiſedom is not bleſt;
Tho' pleas'd with flattering hopes, ſhall die,
And periſh like a Beaſt.

Pſalm LI.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 LOrd, look upon my ſinfull Soul,
That unto thee for mercy flies;
As thy Compaſſions boundleſs are,
So blot out mine iniquities.

2 Oh waſh me throughly from my crime,
For thou alone canſt make me clean:

3 Wh

3 With tears I now confeſs my guilt,
Amaz'd to ſee how vile I've been.

4 None elſe can call me to account;
But thy Tribunal, Lord, I fear;
For if arraign'd and judg'd by thee,
I muſt be caſt, and thou be clear.

5 I was conceiv'd and born in ſin,
Too prone and bent to do amiſs;
6 But inward Purity to thee,
And truth of heart moſt pleaſing is.

7 Lord, ſhew me thou art reconcil'd,
As thoſe with Hyſſop ſprinkled know
They are abſolv'd; thy Grace can waſh
And make me whiter than the Snow.

8 My ſins have forfeited the joys
And inward peace that once I had;
Thy pard'ning voice would heal again
My broken Bones, and make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a ſevere and angry look;
Oh take their ſtains out of my Soul,
And blot their guilt out of thy Book.

Part. II.

10 Create in me, O God, a heart
Clean and unſpotted in thy ſight;
Renew a well compoſed mind,
Unmov'd from goodneſs, and upright.

11 Lord, do not caſt me from thy ſight,
As one whom thou no more canſt love;

Nor let thy Spirit, whose grace I need,
Tho' griev'd too much, from me remove.

12 Its saving comforts and free aids,
T' uphold my feeble pow'rs, afford;
13 Thus Sinners will be drawn t' amend
Their ways, and turn unto the Lord.

14 Oh save me from the crying guilt
Of blood, that sin of Crimson dy;
I'll then thy faithfulness proclaim,
And loudly sing thy Clemency.

15 My opened lips shall speak thy praise;
16 For this thou rather dost desire
Than costly Sacrifice of Beasts,
Consumed wholly in the fire.

17 Thou, Lord, a broken contrite heart
Dost more than bloody off'rings prise;
This present now I humbly make,
Which God, I trust, will not despise.

Psalm LI.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BEhold, O Lord, my sinfull Soul
To thee for Mercy flies;
Thy Mercy boundless is, blot out
All mine iniquities.
2 Oh wash away my crimes, for thou
Alone canst make me clean;
3 I now confess my guilt, amaz'd
To see how vile I've been.

4 Th

4 Tho' none can call me to account,
Thy Sentence, Lord, I fear;
If judg'd by thee, I know I muſt
Be caſt, and thou be clear.
5 I was conceiv'd and born in ſin,
Too prone to do amiſs;
6 But purity and truth of heart
To thee moſt pleaſing is.

7 Shew thou art reconcil'd, as thoſe
Whom Hyſſop ſprinkles know
They are abſolv'd; thy Grace can waſh,
And make me white as ſnow.
8 My ſins have forfeited the joys
And peace that once I had;
Thy voice would heal my broken Bones,
Thy Pardon make them glad.

9 No longer, Lord, behold my ſins
With a diſpleaſed look;
Oh take their ſtains out of my Soul,
Their Guilt out of thy Book.

Part. II.

10 Create in me, O Lord, a heart
Unſpotted in thy ſight;
Renew in me a mind unmov'd
From goodneſs, and upright.
11 Lord, do not caſt me from thy ſight,
As one thou canſt not love;
Nor let thy Spirit, tho' griev'd too much,
Its grace from me remove.

12 Its comforts and free aids, t'uphold
My feeble pow'rs afford;

13 Thus Sinners will amend their ways,
And turn unto the Lord.
14 Oh save me from the guilt of blood,
That sin of Crimson dy;
Then I'll proclaim thy faithfulness,
And sing thy Clemency.

15 My opened lips shall speak thy praise;
For this thou dost desire
16 Rather than Sacrifice of Beasts,
Consumed in the Fire.
17 Thou dost a broken contrite heart
More than all off'rings prise;
This present now I humbly bring,
Which God will not despise.

Psalm LIII.

[*As the* 25. *Psalm.*]

1 THE Fools believe no God
Do's mind th' affairs below;
For tho' they speak it not aloud,
They live as if 'twere so.
All are corrupt and vile,
Their actions hatefull are;
They're onely skilfull to do ill,
From good estranged far.

2 God from his Throne look'd down,
And took a strict survey,
What men did seek and know the Lord,
And his just Laws obey.

3 All were degenerate,
With loathsome sins o'ergrown,
What was Religious, just and good,
None practis'd, no not one.

4 Strange Madness! that they should
Like Bread the poor devour;
And neither own thee by their Pray'rs,
Nor dread thy mighty pow'r.
5 Where all their fears were vain,
Great terrours seis'd them there;
God that despis'd them made their fall
As shamefull as their fear.

6 Lord, let thy peoples hopes
Be with deliverance Crown'd;
When thy Salvation shall appear,
Their joys shall then abound.

Psalm LVII.

1 LOrd, since I trust in thee alone,
Mercy to me extend;
I fly for shelter to thy Wings,
Till all my troubles end.
2 To him whose Pow'r is over all,
In my distress I'll cry;
Since thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thy help will still be nigh.

6 When with the Fowlers treacherous arts,
My ruine was prepar'd;
Their Pits occasion'd their own fall,
Their Nets themselves insnar'd.

7 My heart, O God, is now prepar'd,
And, this my tongue ſhall raiſe;
8 Which with my Harp ſhall early ſing
A Conſort to thy praiſe.

9 The great Salvation thou haſt wrought,
I'll to the World proclaim;
The ſcattered Nations ſhall aſſiſt
My Songs, to ſpread thy fame.
10 Thy Mercy reaches to the Heav'ns,
Thy Truth unto the Skies;
11 Then let thy Glories, Lord, above
Both Earth and Heaven riſe.

Pſalm LXII.

[*As the* 25. *Pſalm.*]

1 MY Soul doth wait on God,
My Rock and my defence;
2 I ſhall not greatly then be mov'd,
For ſafety comes from thence.
3 Ye people truſt in him
What time you are afraid;
He'll be your refuge in diſtreſs,
When you implore his aid.

9 The men of low degree
Are vain; great men a lie;
Both, in the balance laid, appear
Lighter than vanity.
10 Wealth makes not happy men,
And truſt in this is vain;

Tha

Then seek not by oppressive arts,
Or fraud t'increase your gain.

If riches should abound
By heavens blessing sent;
Take heed they do not gain your hearts,
Or make you insolent.
11 That all may know from whence
Their help they should derive;
Thou, Lord, hast oft declar'd, that pow'r
Is thy Prerogative.

12 And that unceasant streams
Of mercy flow from thee;
So that according to mens works
Their due reward shall be.

Psalm LXIII.

1 EArly, O Lord, my fainting Soul
Thy Mercy do's implore;
No Travellour in desart Lands
Can thirst for Water more.
2 I long t'appear as I was wont,
Within thy holy place,
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And to obtain thy Grace.

3 For Life it self, without thy Love,
No relish do's afford;
No other joys can equal this,
To serve and praise the Lord.
4 I'll therefore make my Pray'rs to thee,
And bless thee whilst I live;

5 This, like the choiceſt dainties, will
Both food and pleaſure give.

6 When others ſleep, my wakefull thoughts
Preſent thee to my mind;
And in the night I think how good
My God has been, and kind.
7 Since thou alone haſt been my help,
To thee alone I fly;
And on thy watchfull providence
With chearfulneſs rely.

8 Dangers, whilſt thou art near to me,
Do threaten me in vain;
When I keep cloſe to God, his care
And Pow'r will me ſuſtain.

Pſalm LXV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 PRaiſes in *Sion* wait for thee,
And there the Vow perform'd ſhall be.
2 To thee, O God, that heareſt Pray'r,
All fleſh ſhall chearfully repair.

3 Our Sins may juſtly put a ſtop,
To all that good from thee we hope;
Thy Mercy do's thoſe fears allay,
For this will purge our ſins away.

4 O happy they that may draw near,
To thee, and in thy Courts appear;

For

For these shall all refreshments have,
Thy House can give, or they can crave.

5 By thy amazing wonders, thou
Thy kindness to the good dost show;
The ends of th' Earth in thee confide,
And th' Isles that in the Sea reside.

6 Mountains that seem to touch the Skie,
Gain from thy strength stability;
7 The roaring Seas God do's asswage,
And stills the peoples madder rage.

Part. II.

8 O'er all the Earth the Nations spread,
Thy works of pow'r and anger dread;
And all adore thy goodness great,
Where e'er the Sun do's rise or set.

9 Thy care prevents a threatning Dearth;
Thou visitest the thirsty Earth;
Showres to inrich her barren Womb
From thy full Springs above do come.

Thy Bounty do's that food provide,
By which our needs are all supply'd.
10 The hardned ridges of the Field,
Water'd with showres, are soft and yield.

Its Furrows settled and depress,
Its Spring by after Rains is blest.
11 The fruitfull year thy blessings Crown,
And plenty from the Clouds drop down.

12 The Wilderness refresht with rain,
Tho' parch'd before, now Springs again:

The little Hillsnew Garments wear,
And in their youthfull green appear.

13 Flocks are the Cloathing of the Plain,
The Vales are cover'd o'er with grain.
All nature seems to shout and sing,
To welcome in the hopefull Spring.

Psalm LXVI.

1 LET all the Earth with joy resound,
To God their voices raise;
2 Extoll him in their Songs, and make
Him glorious by their praise.
3 Proclaim his mighty works, in which
Such terrour do's appear;
As makes his Foes to crouch, and feign
Obedience through their fear.

4 Ev'n all the Earth shall Worship thee,
And sing unto thy name:
5 To see the wonders thou hast wrought,
To raise and spread thy Fame.
6 He turn'd the Sea into dry Land;
The swelling Flood made way
For *Israel* to pass; who there
His glories did display.

7 He views the Nations, and his Rule
Do's o'er the world extend;
Then let not men rebell; for pride
Will in their ruine end.
8 Let all the people bless the Lord,
And loudly sing thy praise,

9 Thou

9 Thou great Preſerver of our Lives,
And Guide of all our ways.

Part. II.

13 I'll go into thine Houſe, O Lord,
And thankfull offerings lay
14 Before thy Altar; and the vows
I made in trouble, pay.
15 To honour him from whom all good
Do's come, I'll ſpare no coſt;
I'll offer what he do's require,
And what will pleaſe him moſt.

16 You that are pious, come and hear
What God for me has done;
His mercies ſhow'd to me, will be
For your inſtruction.
17 When I with grief oppreſt, to him
My fervent eryes did raiſe;
He heard me gratiouſly, and turn'd
My ſighing into praiſe.

18 God will not favour me, if I
Iniquity regard:
19 But he inclin'd his Ear to me
And my Petitions heard.
20 O let the glorious Name of God
Be ever magnify'd;
Who neither did reject my Pray'r,
Nor his own Grace deny'd.

Psalm LXVII.

1 SHew mercy to us, Lord,
Bless us with gifts divine;
O let the Glories of thy face,
On us thy Servants shine.

2 May thy hid ways be known,
Thy fear on Earth abound;
And thy Salvation over all
The Heathen World resound.

3 Let all in Psalms of praise
Their gratefull thoughts express;
Let all the people round the World
Thy mighty Name confess.

4 The Nations now may sing
Their joys, since God do's reign;
He rules with wisedom, this great Judge
Will righteousness maintain.

5 Let all in Psalms of praise
Their gratefull thoughts express;
Let all the people round the World
Thy mighty Name confess.

6 Then shall th' enriched Earth
With Plenty overflow:
And God on all his other gifts,
His blessing will bestow.

7 His blessings showr'd on us,
Our happy days shall crown;
His pow'r and greatness all the World
With humble fear shall own.

Psalm LXVIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 LET the Great God arise, and then
His scattered Foes will flee for fear;
2 Vanish like Smoak, and melt like Wax
Before the Fire, when he draws near.

3 But let the Just rejoyce, and praise
4 His name, to whom all pow'r belongs;
He rides on High above the Clouds,
Let him be rais'd too in your Songs.

5 He pities Orphans, Widdows wrongs
6 He rights, brings chained Prisoners out;
He for the desolate provides,
But plagues the Rebels land with drought.

7 Lord, when thou brought'st thy people forth
From *Egypt*, with a mighty hand;
And led'st them through the Wilderness,
To bring them to the promis'd land;

8 The Heav'ns before thy Lightnings dropt,
The Earth did with thy Thunder quake;
Mount *Sinai*, when the Lord came down,
Did from its firm foundation shake.

17 Thousands of Angels (Heav'ns great Host)
Like Guards took up their Station there;
God's special presence was declar'd,
When these Attendants did appear.

Part. II.

18 Our God, like a great Conquerour,
Aſcended is above the Skies;
And after him in triumph draws,
As ſpoils, his Captiv'd Enemies.

He ſcattered his various gifts
Around, to make his Bounty known;
Ev'n Rebels had a ſhare, 'mongſt whom
He dwells, and they his kindneſs own.

19 God heaps his daily benefits
On us, and he ſhall have our Songs;
20 He is our Saviour, to whom
The Pow'r of Life and Death belongs.

21 In his juſt vengeance he ſhall wound
The heads of all that him reſiſt;
On whom no methods of his Love
Prevail, but ſtill in ſin perſiſt.

32 Praiſe him ye Kingdoms of the Earth:
33 Who governs all the Heav'nly Spheres;
From thence he Thunders with his voice,
Which every Creature dreads that hears.

34 Give him the Glory of his Pow'r,
Illuſtriouſly to *Iſrael* ſhown;
Its wonders in the Heav'ns appear,
And thence by all the World is known.

35 They that behold his Majeſty
In holy places, are amaz'd;
'Tis God that Giveth ſtrength and pow'r
Unto his Saints. His Name be prais'd.

Psalm LXX.

[*As the* 25. *Psalm.*]

1 BEhold my Troubles, Lord,
How they with haſte advance;
O do not ſtay, but come as faſt
To my deliverance.
2 Let thoſe that ſeek my life,
Their own confuſion meet:
When they attempt my hurt, with ſhame
Be forced to retreat.

3 Let ſuch as make my griefs
Their ſport, unpitied be;
Thoſe that deride my truſt in God,
Reward with infamy.
4 But all true worſhippers
That ſeek their God to pleaſe,
Thy favour towards them expreſs,
And make their joys t' increaſe.

Let thoſe that hope in thee,
And thy Salvation love,
Ever have cauſe, and hearts to ſay,
Praiſed be God above.
5 Look on my ſtate oppreſt
With miſery and grief;
Thou art my Saviour and my help;
Lord, ſend me quick relief.

Psalm LXXI.

[*As the* 25. *Psalm.*]

1 MY Soul on God relies,
Let none disgrace my trust;
2 Lord, hear and save me when I call,
As thou art good and just.
3 Be thou my sure defence,
Whereto I may resort;
Make good thy gratious promise, Lord,
Be thou my Rock and Fort.

4 Save me from cruel men,
And those that are unjust;
Thou, Lord, alone hast been my hope,
And from my youth, my Trust.
6 Thou took'st me from the Womb,
When my first breath I drew;
Thou hast sustain'd me even since,
All praise to thee is due.

7 Many with wonder gaze
On me, as one forlorn;
8 But by my praises and thine aid,
I shall confute their scorn.
9 Lord, when my strength decays,
And when my years decline,
Do not forsake or cast me off,
But own me still for thine.

14 In thee I'll place my hopes,
Thee with more praises crown;

15 Th

15 Thy Truth and Mercies I'll proclaim,
Whose measures are unknown.

Part M.

16 To no supports I'll fly,
But to the strength divine;
No other goodness shall be nam'd,
Or faithfulness, but thine.
17 These from my youth I've learnt;
And hitherto declar'd
Thy wonderous works. Forsake me not
18 Now when I am grey-hair'd.

Till I have farther shown
Thy pow'r, and taught thy fear,
Both to the present age, and those
That after shall appear.
19 Thy goodness, Lord, is great,
Thy works illustrious are;
All thy perfections have no bounds,
None can with thee compare.

20 Thou shalt again revive
My Soul, with grief depress;
21 Thou, Lord, wilt raise my low estate,
Comfort and give me rest.
22 Then to proclaim thy Truth,
I'll all my Powers raise;
And to improve my Songs, will add
Sweet instruments of praise.

23 My chearfull tongue and lips,
Shall loudly bear a part
In praising thee, when tun'd and rais'd
By a most thankfull heart.

24 This shall be my great work,
To celebrate thy fame;
Who hast redeemed me, and brought
Mine Enemies to shame.

Psalm LXXIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 CErtain it is, that God is kind
To those that are sincerely good;
2 But yet my Faith was at a loss,
My feet did stagger where I stood.

3 I saw the wickeds prosperous state,
My envy at those Fools did rise;
4 That, when a healthfull Age was past,
A quiet Death should close their Eyes.

5 Exempt from Plagues and miseries
That others seek t' escape in vain;
6 They're covered o'er with violence,
And Pride surrounds them like a Chain.

7 Pamper'd with ease and luxury,
Their Body thrives, looks fat and fair;
Their wealth rolls in with a full tide,
Beyond their hopes, without their care.

8 Such is their Pride, that they profess
Oppressive courses without shame;
9 Dare Heav'n it self with blasphemies,
And freely blast the good man's name.

10 This

10 This gives disturbance to his mind,
And passion makes his tears to flow;
11 Doubts rise within him, whether God
Discerns or minds things done below.

12 Th' ungodly are the prosperous men,
Thrive in the World and riches gain;
13 I've wash'd my hands in innocence,
And cleans'd my heart, says he, in vain.

14 For every morn renews my Plagues,
And I whole days in sorrow spend.
15 But stay; thus speaking, I against
The Faith of all good men offend.

Part. II.

16 I oft consider'd with my self
Th' unequal ways of Providence;
I found them hard to be resolv'd,
And doubts long kept me in suspence.

17 At last I' enquired at God's House,
And there did my mistakes amend;
Before I onely view'd their way,
But now I understood their end.

18 I saw the slippery precipice
On which their tottering feet were plac'd;
19 And with what Terrours they were seis'd,
When down to sudden ruine cast.

20 Their happiness was like a Dream,
Or shade that quickly vanishes;
21 Lord! what a stupid beast was I,
22 To vex my self at their success.

23 For all this while I was thy care,
By thee sustain'd, tho' suffering;
24 Thy Counsels here shall guide me still,
And afterward to Glory bring.

25 Lord, there is none in Heav'n or Earth,
On whom I can rely, like thee;
26 For when my heart and hopes here fail,
My stay and Portion thou wilt be.

27 But those that are from God estrang'd,
Or unto hatefull Idols bow,
Shall surely their own ruine meet,
And a deserved overthrow.

28 God is my chiefest Good; 'tis best
To keep me to my God most nigh;
Then I his Mercy and his Truth
Shall praise, when I on him rely.

Psalm LXXXII.

[*As the* 113. *Psalm.*]

1 YE Rulers of the World, that bear
God's Name, and represent him here,
Know that this Judge among you sits.
2 If you enact unrighteous Laws,
Or countenance a wicked cause,
Your guiltiness no Plea admits.

3 You act like God, when you defend
The poor, and your assistance lend

To

To helpless men that Justice crave.
4 Absolve the Innocent with speed,
Obnoxious onely by their need,
And from th' Oppressours Power save.

5 They cry too oft to you in vain,
Who'll know no other right but gain,
Whose Eyes are blind by Bribes you take.
Thus Justice cannot find its course,
But Laws neglected lose their force,
And all the Lands Foundations shake.

6 I said y'are Gods, but you shall die,
And fall, tho' Sons of the Most High,
7 As other Men and Kings have done.
8 Arise, great Judge of all, and reign,
Fall'n Justice then will rise again,
When God doth sit upon his Throne.

Psalm LXXXIV.

1 HOw beauteous is the place where thou
Thy presence, Lord, dost grant!
2 Oh how I long t' approach thy Courts,
Impatient of restraint!
3 The little Birds the Liberties
Enjoy, which I'm deny'd;
Near to thine Altars they prepare
Their Nests, and there reside.

4 Oh happy men! that may frequent
Thine House, to praise thee still;

5 Whose

5 Whose truſt is in thine aid, whose heart
Devout affections fill.
8 Great God of Hosts, attend when I
My Pray'r to thee addreſs;
9 Look gratiouſly on mine Eſtate,
And thine Anointed bleſs.

10 A thouſand joyous days elſewhere,
Yield me not ſuch content,
As one days freedom at thy Houſe,
And in thy ſervice ſpent.
There let me have the meaneſt place,
And at the threſhold lye;
Rather than all the wickeds State
Without this liberty.

11 God is a glorious Sun, from whom
We Light and Life derive;
A Shield for our defence, and he
Will Grace and Glory give.
No good will he with-hold, from him
That's upright in his way.
12 Oh happy man! that makes the Lord
His onely truſt and ſtay.

Pſalm LXXXV.

[*As the* 113. *Pſalm.*]

1 THy Mercy, Lord, has chang'd our doom
Thy Captives to their Land are come,
And all their ſins are done away.
3 Thine Anger which was fierce before,
Is now remov'd and flames no more;
4 O let it ever ceaſe, we pray.

5 Wh

5 When wilt thou, Lord, from wrath refrain?
6 Raiſe and revive our joys again?
7 Thy ſaving mercies, Lord, reſtore.
8 I'll liſten to the voice of Peace,
Which God will to his Saints expreſs,
If they return to ſin no more.

9 Surely thy ſaving help is near
To ſuch as thee ſincerely fear,
And glory to our Land will bring.
10 Mercy and Truth together meet,
Juſtice and Peace each other greet,
11 And truth out of the Earth ſhall ſpring.

From Heav'n ſhall righteouſneſs look down;
12 God with his Bleſſings will us Crown,
Our Land with Plenty ſhall o'erflow.
When Righteouſneſs prepares his way,
Juſtice with us ſhall longer ſtay,
And Mercy tread where this do's go.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 LOrd, bow thine Ear to my requeſts,
Tho' poor and in the duſt;
2 O ſave my righteous Soul, for, Lord,
In thee alone I truſt.
3 Be mercifull to me, O God,
And hear my mournfull voice,
4 Daily my Soul to thee aſcends,
Oh make it to rejoice.

5 Thou, Lord, art gratious and good,
To pardon ſins inclin'd;

And

And all that humbly thee implore,
Shall plenteous mercy find.
6 To thee I call in my distress,
In hope thou wilt attend;
7 On thee with patience wait, till thou
A gratious answer send.

8 Tho' Heathens boast of other Gods,
And talk of Pow'rs Divine:
There's none that can compare with thee,
Nor any works like thine.
9 All the deceived Lands at length
Their Maker shall adore;
Shall glorify thy Name, O Lord,
And celebrate thy Pow'r.

10 When they behold how great thou art,
What wonders thou hast done;
Their Idols they'll disown; and say,
That thou art God alone.

Part. II.

11 Lord, guide my steps, that from the way
Of truth I ne'er may err;
My loose affections so unite,
That I thy name may fear.
12 With all my Soul I'll praise the Lord,
His glories ever tell;
13 By whose great goodness I have been
Freed from the lowest Hell.

15 Thou, Lord, art pitifull and kind,
To punish Sinners slow;
Goodness and faithfulness from thee
Abundantly do flow.

16 Thy

16 Thy merciſull regard I need,
And ſtrength from thee I crave;
From all deſigned miſchiefs, Lord,
Thy humble ſervant ſave.

17 Some ſignal mark of favour ſhow,
Which all my Foes may ſee,
And at their malice bluſh; when thou
Doſt help and comfort me.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, I'll ever ſing,
Thy truth to all proclaim;
5 The Heav'nly Angels ſacred Quire
Shall celebrate the ſame.
6 Theſe never with the Lord compare,
Nor his Commands conteſt;
7 But give attendance at his Throne,
With awfull fear poſſeſs'd.

8 Great God! there's none that's arm'd with pow'r,
Or girt with Truth like thee;
9 Thou, when the Waves ariſe, doſt rule
And ſtill the raging Sea.
10 Thy arm alone brake *Egypts* pow'r;
And *Iſrael* did adore,
When they beheld the drowned Hoſt
Lie ſcattered on the ſhore.

11 The World, with all therein, is thine,
Made by thy pow'rfull voice;
12 With all the Quarters of the Earth,
Which in thy care rejoice.

13 Thy great and uncontrolled Pow'r
Can no resistance fear;
14 Yet Mercy, Righteousness and Truth,
In all thy Rule appear.

15 Blest are the Men that understand
The joyfull sound of praise;
They through thy favour shall enjoy
Pleasant and happy days.
16 Th' expressions of thy wond'rous Love
Will fresh delights create;
And thou, the Glory of their strength,
Wilt raise their low Estate.

Psalm XC.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 LOrd, every Age and Race has seen,
Thou hast our help and refuge been.
2 E're that the Mountains had a Birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the Earth,

Thou hadst a being long before,
And shalt abide when time's no more.
3 Thy first Decree 'gainst man was just,
Bidding him *Turn again to Dust.*

4 A thousand years, if we could stay
In life so long, is but a day
Compar'd with thee; and in thy sight,
Like the short Watches of the Night.

5 Death

5 Death like an over-flowing ſtream
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream.
6 Like Flow'rs i' th' Morning freſh and fair,
Cut down e're Night, and withered are.

7 Thine Anger and our Wickedneſs,
8 Makes the ſhort Term of Nature leſs;
9 And thus our years to'an end are brought,
As ſwiftly as a breath or thought.

10 Our Age to Seventy years is ſet;
If to another Stage we get,
And unto Fourſcore years arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan, than live.

Part. II.

11 Lord, who enough conſidered hath
The Pow'r and Terrour of thy wrath?
Wrath that is equal to our dread,
And ſtrikes ſo often Sinners dead.

12 Oh that the ſenſe of our laſt end,
And Sorrows that this Life attend,
May more excite our fear of thee,
And a wiſe care of Piety.

13 When, Lord, ſhall thy diſpleaſure ceaſe?
When wilt thou give our troubles eaſe?
Now we are humble and repent,
Shew pity to us and relent.

14 Oh let that mercy come at laſt,
We long impatiently to taſt:
15 And in proportion to our tears,
Let Gladneſs crown our future years.

16 Since Acts of Grace thy Glory are,
And pleas'd thee most, do thou appear
In those to us and to our Race:
17 Shew us the Beauties of thy Face.

Afford thy Light to guide our way,
That we may never go astray:
All our good undertakings bless,
And prosper with desir'd success.

Psalm XCI.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 HE that has God for his retreat,
Has gain'd a safe and quiet seat.
For God's o'er-spreading Providence
Will like a shade be his Defence.

2 To him as to my Fort, I'll fly;
On him, my pow'rfull God, rely.
3 When noysome Plagues infect the air,
He'll save thee from the secret snare.

4 His care, like Wings, shall safety yield,
His faithfull promise be thy shield:
5 So that no dangers of the Night
Shall seise thee with a sudden fright.

6 Plagues that like poisoned Arrows kill,
And all arround with slaughter fill,
Walking unseen both Night and Day,
Shall miss their aim, or balk their way.

7 Thou-

7 Thousands shall fall on every hand,
And thou the while unhurt shalt stand:
8 And onely with thine Eyes shalt see
What shall the wickeds portion be.

Part. II.

9 Since thou hast made the Lord most High
Thy Refuge and Security,
10 No evil shall thy joys molest,
Nor Plague thy dwelling shall infest.

11 Blest Angels charg'd to guard thy way,
To thee shall kind attendance pay.
12 These in their hands shall thee support,
Lest thou shouldst stumble to thy hurt.

13 The Lyon thou maist safely meet,
Tread th' Aspe and Dragon under feet.
14 Since he has set his Love on me,
From dangers I will set him free.

Because he knows and fears my Name,
I'll honour him and raise his Fame.
15 When he invokes me in his need,
I'll hear and answer him with speed.

When he's in Trouble I'll stand by,
To save, and set him up on High.
19 Give him long Life; and when that's done,
Will shew him my Salvation.

Psalm XCII.

1 O What a pleasant work it is,
To praise the Lord above;
2 Morning and Evening to proclaim
His faithfulness and Love;
3 Sweet Notes of Instruments to joyn
With an Harmonious voice!
4 Thy gratious dealings with me, Lord,
Have made me to rejoice.

5 Great are thy works, and thy designs
Contain the deepest sense;
6 Tho' wicked Men and Fools mistake
Thy ways of Providence.
7 They spring and flourish like the Grass,
With good success o'erjoy'd:
And onely grow to be mown down,
And utterly destroy'd.

12 But righteous men like fruitfull Palms,
Or stately Cedars grow:
For planted in thy Courts, they're fed
With Springs that ever flow.
14 There they are fair and ever thrive,
And still more fruit shall bring:
Age that makes other things decay,
Makes them more flourishing.

15 Thus God appears to all the World
To be both good and just;
No falseness can be charg'd on him
That is my Rock and trust.

Psalm XCIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and like a King
Puts on his Robes of Glorious Light;
Tremble thou Earth, when he appears
Cloathed and girt about with might.

Under his Rule th'unquiet World
Will gain stability and peace;
2 Of old his Empire did begin,
And, like himself, can never cease.

3 In vain the Worlds rebellious pow'rs
In Tumults and Commotions rise;
Like troubled Waters of the Sea,
That bid Defiance to the Skies.

4 Resist not his unequal strength,
That's far above your threatning noise;
For ev'n the Seas unruly Waves
Do calmly listen to his voice.

5 Lord, as thy Pow'r can never fail,
So all thy promises are sure:
'Tis thy Perfection to be true,
And theirs that serve thee, to be pure.

Psalm XCIII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THE Lord do's reign, and cloaths himself
with Robes of glorious Light:
Tremble thou Earth, when he appears
Girded about with might.
Now the unquiet World will gain
Stability and peace;
2 His Empire was of old, and like
Himself can never cease.

3 In vain the Worlds rebellious pow'rs
Combin'd in Tumults rise;
Like Waters of the Sea, that bid
Defiance to the Skies.
4 Resist not his unequal strength,
That's far above your noise;
For ev'n the Seas unruly Waves
Are calmed at his voice.

5 Thy power, Lord, can never fail,
Thy Promises are sure;
Thy Glory's to be true, and theirs
That serve thee, to be pure.

Psalm XCIV.

1 THou great Avenger of all wrongs,
At length thy Justice shew;
2 Arise, and render to the Proud
Rewards that are their due.

3 How

3 How long ſhall evil men triumph,
And boaſt their Villanies?
4 Speak ſcornfully of God himſelf,
And providence deſpiſe?

5 Who, whilſt the ruine of the poor
6 And innocent they plot,
7 Say that the Lord do's not diſcern,
Or elſe regards it not.
8 When will theſe brutiſh Sinners learn,
Theſe ſenſeleſs Fools be wiſe?
9 Shall not he hear that made the Ears,
And ſee that form'd the Eyes?

10 He the rude Nations do's inſtruct,
And teaches Man his skill:
Shall not he know then, and chaſtiſe
Thy diſobedient will?
11 O flatter not thy ſelf, nor theſe
Impieties maintain:
God knows theſe very thoughts of thine,
How falſe they are and vain.

Part. II.

12 Lord, he's a happy man, whom thou
By chaſtiſements haſt taught;
And thereby to a ſenſe of thee,
And of his Duty brought.
13 God in his Mercy will at length
From troubles ſet him free;
Whilſt vengeance ruins wicked mens
Short-liv'd proſperity.

14 Tho' good men for a while chaſtis'd
May under troubles grone;

God will not utterly forsake,
Nor cast away his own.
15 Neglected judgment shall return
Again to act its part;
And then felicity shall crown
The men of upright heart.

16 T'oppose my wicked Foes, I call'd
To other aids in vain;
17 Without thy succours, in the Grave
I and my hopes had lain.
18 When I despair'd to keep my feet,
Thy mercy me upheld:
Thy comforts eas'd my troubled thoughts,
And swelling passions quell'd.

Psalm XCV.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 COme let us all unite our joys,
And to the Lord our voices raise;
2 Before his presence let us come
With thankfull hearts and Psalms of praise.

3 Our Lord is a great God and King,
Of power super-eminent
Above all Gods; him Angels serve,
And Princes onely represent.

4 The secret places of the Earth,
And strength of Hills are in his hand:

5 He made the Waters of the Sea,
And for their bound prepar'd the Land.

6 To him that made us let us kneel,
And humble Adorations give;
7 Who are the people of his care,
The Sheep that on his pastures live.

8 To day let's hearken to his voice,
And not such hardned Sinners prove,
9 As those that in the Wilderness
Provok'd and tempted God above.

They prov'd his pow'r, and saw his works,
10 And griev'd his Patience fourty year;
Till, wearied with their murmurings,
That Race he could no longer bear.

He did their stupid unbelief,
And base Ingratitude detest;
11 And in his Indignation sware
They should not come into his Rest.

Psalm XCV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 COme let us with united joys
To God our voices raise:
2 With thankfull hearts before him come,
And loudly sing his praise.
3 Our Lord is a great God and King,
In power eminent
Above all Gods: him Angels serve,
And Princes represent.

4 The

4 The ſecrets of the Earth, and ſtrength
Of Hills are in his hand;
5 He made the Waters of the Sea,
And for their bound, dry land.
6 To him that made us, let us kneel,
And Adorations give;
7 Who are his people, and the Sheep
That on his paſtures live.

8 To day let's hear his voice, and not
Such hardned Sinners prove,
9 As thoſe that in the Wilderneſs
Provoked God above.
They prov'd his pow'r, and ſaw his works,
10 And griev'd him fourty year;
Till, wearied with that murm'ring Race,
He could no longer bear.

He did their unbelief, and baſe
Ingratitude deteſt;
11 And in his Anger ſware, they ſhould
Not come into his Reſt.

Pſalm XCVI.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 LEt all the Earth their voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalm of praiſe;
2 To ſing and bleſs God's ſacred name,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

3 His Glory let the Heathen know,
His wonders to the Nations ſhow;

4 Le

4 Let him be prais'd that is so high;
More fear'd than any Deity:

5 For Heathen Gods but Creatures are;
He made the Heav'ns and every Star.
6 He in Majestick splendor dwells
In Beauty and in strength excells.

7 Let every Tongue and every Tribe,
Glory and Pow'r to God ascribe:
8 The Glory give that is his due,
Their Off'rings in his Courts renew.

9 Fall down before him, and confess
His Majesty and Holiness;
Let all the Earth the Lord revere,
And by their Duty shew their fear.

10 Say to the World th' Almighty reigns,
A Judge that equity maintains;
He'll make their Wars and Tumults cease,
And bless the Earth with quiet peace.

11 Let Heav'n and Earth then tell their joys,
The Ocean by its roaring noise;
12 Fields by the fairness of their Crops,
Trees by the Fruits that Crown their Tops.

13 At his approach all Nature's glad,
And onely Sinners are afraid:
All whom he judges shall confess
His Equity and Righteousness.

Psalm XCVII.

[*At the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 LEt th' Earth rejoice, since God do's reign:
2 For tho' thick darkness do's surround,
And cloud his ways of Providence,
Yet perfect justice is their ground.

3 When God prepares himself for wrath,
4 His Lightnings flame around the Skies;
A dreadfull Fire before him goes,
To burn up all his Enemies.

Th' amazed Earth sees this and quakes,
5 The Hills like melted Wax flow down:
6 The Heav'ns his Justice do proclaim,
And Men below his Glories own.

7 Confounded be those Worshippers,
That to a graven Image bow,
And boast of Idols; worship him,
Angels above and Gods below.

8 Good men will hear the news with Joy,
When Judgments on these Sinners fall;
9 Which tell the World their Gods are vain,
And thou art high above them all.

10 All ye that Love and serve the Lord,
Strictly preserve your innocence;
Then let the wicked seek your fall,
God will stand up for your defence.

11 Th'im-

11 Th' immortal Seeds of light and bliſs,
For truely pious men are ſown:
A joyfull Harveſt will at length
Their labours and their ſorrows Crown.

12 Then let your chearfull temper ſhow,
The God you ſerve is good and kind:
Praiſe him for all his Mercies paſt,
And wait with joy for thoſe behind.

Psalm XCVII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD Reigns, let all the Earth rejoyce:
2 Tho' darkneſs may ſurround
And Cloud his ways of providence,
Yet Juſtice is their ground.
3 Lightnings, when God prepares for wrath,
Do flame around the Skies;
4 A Fire before him goes, to burn
Up all his Enemies.

The Earth ſees this and quakes, the Hills
5 Like melted Wax flow down;
6 The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs declare,
And Men his Glories own.
7 Confounded be thoſe Worſhippers,
That to an Image bow,
And boaſt of Idols; worſhip him,
Angels and Gods below.

8 Good men will joy, when puniſhments
Shall on theſe Sinners fall;

9 Which

9 Which shew their Gods are vain, and thou
Art high above them all.
10 All ye that love and fear the Lord,
Preserve your innocence;
Then let the wicked seek your fall,
God will be your defence.
11 Th' immortal Seeds of light and bliss
For pious men are sown;
A joyfull Harvest will at length
Their work and sorrows crown.
12 Then let your chearfull temper show
The God you serve is kind;
Praise him for Mercies past, and wait
With joy for those behind.

Psalm XCVIII.

1 RENew your Songs to God, and tell
What wonders he hath done;
Let all proclaim the Victories
His pow'rfull Arm has won.
2 His Mercy which was kept before
A secret and inclos'd;
Now to the clear and open view
Of Heathens is expos'd.

3 His promis'd goodness and his Truth
Was first to *Israel* shown;
But now the ends of th' Earth have seen
His great Salvation.
4 Let all the Earth this welcome News
5 Applaud, with loudest noise;

6 Joyn

6 Joyn Musick to their Hymns of praise,
To testifie their joys.

7 Let swelling Seas roar, and excite
The joys of Neighbouring lands;
8 Let Echoing Hills the noise repeat,
And Rivers clap their hands.
9 Whole Nature well may feel a change
When God's approach is nigh:
Who comes to judge and rule the World
With Truth and Equity.

Psalm C.

1 LET all the Nations of the Earth,
To God their chearfull voices raise;
2 With Gladness worship him, and come
Before his Face with Songs of praise.

3 Know that our Lord is God alone
Who did to all their beings give;
We are the people of his Care,
The Sheep that on his pastures live.

4 Enter his Gates with thankfull hearts,
His praises in his Courts proclaim;
And let his pow'rfull love excite
Each Soul to bless his Sacred Name.

5 For God is infinitely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His Truth from Generation
To Generation shall endure.

Psalm CII.

1 LOrd, hear the Pray'rs and mournfull cries
Of mine afflicted State;
2 And with thy Comforts chear my Soul,
Before it be too late.
11 My days, like the declining shades,
Make haste and fly away;
As Flow'rs before the scorching Sun,
They wither and decay.

24 Lord, take me not away before
My better days be past;
Thine undeclining years beyond
All Generations last.
25 Th'unknown Foundations of the Earth
Of old by thee were laid;
The Fair and Beauteous Heavens shew
The work thy hands have made.

26 These all shall perish, and wax old
Like Garments thrown aside;
But when they change, thy years ne'er fail,
17 Thou dost the same abide.
28 Thy Kindness to the good is firm,
Thy word to them is sure;
Tho' strange Events may change the World,
Their Race shall still endure.

Psalm CIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 BLess thou the Lord, my Soul; his name
Let all the pow'rs within me bless;
2 O let not his past favours lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness.

3 It's he that pardons all thy sins,
He that in sickness makes thee sound:
4 It's he redeemed from the Grave
Thy Life, with Love and Mercy Crown'd.

5 It's he that fills thy mouth with good,
And all thy just desires supplies:
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a renewed youth arise.

6 From his strict justice sure relief
Oppressed Innocence shall find:
7 *Moses* and *Israel* knew his ways,
And th' inclinations of his mind.

8 Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his Nature and Delight;
9 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Intends not to destroy us quite.

His Anger in its rise and stay,
From Rules of Justice never swerves;
10 And when he punishes our faults,
The measure's less than sin deserves.

11 As Heav'n is far above the Earth,
So his Rewards exceed our Love;
12 Farther than East is from the West,
His pardon do's our sins remove.

Part. II.

13 A Father's pity to his Child,
Resembles God's, tho' shorter far;
14 For he considers our weak Frame,
That onely quickned Dust we are.

15 Man's days are like the Grass, or Flow'r
That in the Field its beauty shows;
16 But fades with every blasting wind,
And then its former place none knows.

17 But God's Eternal Truth and Love,
Is to good men and to their race:
18 Those that his Laws and Covenant keep,
His favour ever will embrace.

19 Circled with glorious Light, his Throne
The Lord has plac'd in Heav'n above;
Whose mighty Pow'r and Sovereign Rule,
Extends o'er all that Live and Move.

20 Bless God ye Angels, who in strength
And ready services transcend;
21 Bless him ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all, to do his will, attend.

22 All ye his works, that subject are
In every place to his controll;
Bless ye your Maker; and with them
Joyn in his praises, O my Soul.

Psalm CIII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 MY Soul bless thou the Lord, his Name
All Pow'rs within me bless;
2 O never let his favours be
Lost in unthankfulness.
3 It's he forgives thy sins, and do's
Thy sicknesses remove;
4 It's he redeems thee from the Grave,
And Crowns thy Life with Love.

5 It's he that fills thy mouth with good,
Thy just desires supplies;
Who, like the Eagles, makes thine Age
To a new youth arise.
6 From his strict justice sure relief,
Wrong'd Innocence shall find:
7 *Moses*, his ways; and *Israel* knew
Th' Intentions of his mind.

8 The Lord is kind; and Goodness is
His Nature and Delight;
9 Slow is his wrath, and tho' he chides,
Would not destroy us quite.
His anger in its rise and stay
From Justice never swerves:
10 And when he punishes our faults,
It's less than sin deserves.

11 As Heav'n do's far exceed the Earth,
So his Rewards our Love:

12 Farther

12 Farther than East is from the West,
He do's our sins remove.

Part. II.

13 A Father's pity to his Child
Than God's is lesser far;
14 For he considers our weak Frame,
And knows that Dust we are.
15 Man's days are like the Gras, or Flow'r
Fresh when it's newly blown,
16 But sades with every blasting wind,
Whose place no more is known.

17 But God is true, and ever kind
To good men and their Race:
18 Those that his Laws and Covenant keep
His favour will embrace.
19 Circled with Light, the Lord has plac'd
His Throne in Heav'n above:
Whose Sovereign Empire do's extend
O'er all that live and move.

20 Bless God ye Angels, who in strength
And services transcend;
21 Bless him ye Hosts and Ministers,
Who all his will attend.
22 All ye his works in every place,
Subject to his controll,
Bless ye your Maker; and with them
Joyn in his praise, my Soul.

Psalm CIV.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 MY Soul, for ever bless the Lord;
To this his Greatness do's invite;
Honour and Majesty's his Robe
2 His beauteous vesture splendid light.

He as a Tent the Heav'ns extends,
3 Whose Rooms on liquid Waters stay;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
With their Wing'd Wheels mete out his way.

4 Angels as swift as air, as bright
As flames, with quick obedience move;
To publish and effect below,
His pleasure, giv'n in charge above.

5 The Earths foundations are unknown,
No Pillars rais'd, its weight to bear;
And yet no pow'r can make it move,
Tho' it hangs loose in fluid air.

6 The Earths first covering was the Deep,
Whose Waves the Highest Hills surpass'd;
7 Till at thy check and thunders voice,
They shrank and fled away in hast.

8 The Mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the lower Vales descend;
Till in the Sea, whence first they came,
At last their winding courses end.

9 In

9 In vain the Oceans ſwelling Pride,
Threatens again the Earth to cover;
It's fixed bounds no riſing Tides,
Without new leave, can e'er paſs over.

Part. II.

10 He from the Hills, through ſecret veins,
Cauſes the Cryſtal Springs to burſt;
11 They glide through Vallies, where the Beaſts,
And the wild Aſſes quench their thirſt.

12 There Birds are taught with curious Art
Their Neſts in ſhady Boughs to raiſe;
And by their chearfull Notes reprove
Our Silence in our Maker's praiſe.

13 Nor can the higher grounds, which gape
For thirſt, complain that they're forgot:
Clouds big with ſhow'rs on them diſtill,
And water every barren plot.

14 By his Command th' enriched Earth
Food for all Creatures do's produce;
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
And Hearbs for Man's peculiar uſe.

15 Rich Wine that chears man's heart, and Oil
That makes his Countenance look bright;
Bread the ſupport of Life; all made
To ſerve our needs, or our delight.

16 Trees that on barren Hills are plac'd,
Need not be water'd by our care;
Where *Lebanon* do's higheſt riſe,
Cedars are ever freſh and fair.

17 There

17 There Birds obtain ſecure retreat;
Storks for their dwelling chuſe the Pine;
18 Wild Goats find refuge in the Hills,
Conies in Rocks they undermine.

Part. III.

19 The Moon whoſe varied Face we ſee,
Meaſures the Seaſons of the Year;
And having run his daily courſe,
The Sun knows when to ſet, and where.

20 Darkneſs, as well as day, thou mak'ſt;
'Tis Night that brings wild Beaſts abroad;
21 Fierce Lyons roaring for their prey,
By hunger taught, ſeek meat from God.

22 At the Sun's riſe, thoſe ſcattered Beaſts
Crowd to their Dens with haſty flight;
23 Men ſhare the Day, whoſe work begins
And ends together with the Light.

24 Great God! how various are thy works,
Created all with wonderous skill.
Thy Bleſſings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
25 And the Seas ſpatious boſom fill.

Whoſe yielding Waves the Ships divide;
There Fiſhes move of different ſize;
26 And there the great *Leviathan*
Do's play, and Man's attempts deſpiſe.

27 Theſe all wait humbly to receive
Thine Alms of ſeaſonable food:
28 And what thine opened hand beſtows,
They gather, and are fill'd with good.

Part. IV.

29 If God but in displeasure frown,
The whole Creation needs must mourn;
If he with-holds his breath, or theirs,
They die, and to their dust return.

30 His quickning spirit, when it breaths,
All things with Life and Joy endues;
His pow'rfull word, that made the Earth
At first, its Face again renews.

31 While this Worlds Frame and Order lasts,
God's Glory never can be less;
And what his wisedom made so good,
His favour will delight to bless.

32 But let not sinfull Man presume
God's dreadfull Anger to provoke;
Whose Look can cause the Earth to quake,
His Touch makes proudest Hills to smoak.

33 The Great employment of my Life
Shall be to praise this mighty Lord;
34 To meditate his Love and Works,
The sweetest pleasure will afford.

35 While Sinners from the Earth consume,
No place or thought regard them more:
Bless thou thy Maker, O my Soul,
Let Heav'n and Earth his Name adore.

Psalm CIV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 BLeſs thou the Lord, my Soul, to this
His greatneſs do's invite;
Honour and Majeſty's his Robe,
2 His Veſture ſplendid Light.
3 He as a Tent the Heav'ns extends,
Whoſe Rooms on Waters ſtay;
Clouds are his Chariot, and the Winds
Wing'd Wheels mete out his way.

4 Angels as ſwift as air, as bright
As flames, attend and move,
His pleaſure to effect below,
That's giv'n in charge above.
5 The Earths Foundations are unknown,
Its weight no Pillars bear;
Yet none can move it, tho' it hangs
Looſe in the yielding air.

6 The Earths firſt covering was the Deep,
Whoſe Waves the Hills ſurpaſs'd:
7 Till at thy check and thunders voice,
They ſhrank and fled in haſte.
8 The Mountains by hid ways they climb,
Thence to the Vales deſcend;
Till in the Sea, whence firſt they came,
Their winding courſes end.

9 In vain the Oceans ſwelling pride,
Threatens the Earth to cover;

Its fixed bounds no ſwelling Tides
Can, without leave, paſs over.

Part. II.

10 He from the Hills by ſecret veins
Makes Cryſtal Springs to burſt;
11 The watered Valleys give all Beaſts
Drink to allay their thirſt.
12 There Birds are taught their artfull Neſts
In ſhady boughs to raiſe;
Whoſe chearfull notes our ſilence ſhame
In our Creator's praiſe.

13 Nor can the higher grounds, which gape
For thirſt, ſay they're forgot;
Clouds big with ſhow'rs on them diſtill,
And water every plot.
14 By his Command th' enriched Earth
Do's food for all produce;
The Graſs ſprings up to ſerve the Beaſts,
And Herbs for humane uſe.

15 Rich Wine that chears Man's Heart, and Oil
That makes his Face look bright;
Bread the ſupport of Life; all ſerve
Our Needs, or our Delight.
16 The Trees on barren Hills will thrive,
Unwatered by our care;
Cedars i' th' heights of *Lebanon*,
Are ever freſh and fair.

17 There Birds find ſure retreat, the Stork
Dwells in the lofty Pine;
18 Wild Goats in Hills, Conies are ſafe
In Rocks they undermine.

Part. III.

19 The Moons oft-varied face do's shew
The Seasons of the Year;
After his daily course, the Sun
Knows when to set, and where.
20 Darkness, as well as Light, thou mak'st,
Night brings wild Beasts abroad;
21 The hungry Lyons roar for prey,
And seek their meat from God.

22 At the Sun's rising, to their Dens
They crowd with hasty flight;
23 Men share the day, whose work's begun,
And finisht with the light.
24 Great God! how various are thy works,
All made with wond'rous skill!
Thy blessings, Lord, enrich the Earth,
25 And Seas large bosom fill.

There go the Ships, and there do move
Fishes of different size;
26 There great *Leviathan* do's play,
And Man's attempts despise.
27 These all wait to receive thine Alms
Of seasonable food;
28 They gather what thine hand bestows,
And all are fill'd with good.

Part. IV.

29 If God but in displeasure frown,
All Creatures needs must mourn;
If he with-holds their breath, they die,
And to their Dust return.

30 His quickning ſpirit, when it breaths,
All things with life endues;
His pow'rfull word that made the Earth,
Its face again renews.

31 Whilſt this Worlds Frame and Order laſts,
God's Fame will ne'er be leſs;
And what his Wiſedom made ſo good,
Will ſtill delight to bleſs.
32 But let not ſinfull man preſume,
God's anger to provoke;
Whoſe look can cauſe the Earth to quake,
His Touch make Hills to ſmoak.

33 My lifes great buſineſs ſhall be this,
To praiſe this Mighty Lord;
34 To meditate his Love and Works,
The ſweeteſt Joys afford.
35 While Sinners from the Earth conſume,
No place regards them more;
Bleſs thou the Lord, my Soul, his name
Let Heav'n and Earth adore.

Pſalm CV.

1 O Let us all give thanks to God,
And call upon his Name;
His gratious and his mighty works,
To all the World proclaim.
2 Let us in Songs and ſacred Hymns
Our great Creator bleſs;
And what his pow'rfull hand has wrought,
Our joyfull tongues expreſs.

3 Give

3 Give to the Lord's moſt holy Name,
The praiſe that is his due:
And your unfeigned inward joys,
By chearfull voices ſhew.
4 Within his Sanctuary let
Your Pray'rs to him be made;
Your hopes upon his favour reſt,
And his Almighty aid.

5 O let the works that he hath done
Your admiration move;
Think on the judgments of his mouth,
And wonders of his Love.
7 We glory that this mighty Lord
Us for his people owns;
Whoſe judgments make th' amazed Earth
To tremble when he frowns.

8 His Covenant with his people made,
He ever call'd to mind;
And will his promiſes fulfill
To Ages ſtill behind.

Pſalm CVI.

1 O Render thanks unto the Lord,
For he alone is good;
His mercies they continue ſure,
As they have ever ſtood.
2 But equal to thy Glories height
None can their voices raiſe;
Nor, as God's mighty Acts deſerve,
Can ſhew forth all his praiſe.

3 O happy they who thy just Laws
Observe with due regard;
And by well-doing to receive
God's mercies are prepar'd.

4 To thee I humbly look, oh me
With favour, Lord, look down:
And bless me with the saving grace
Afforded to thine own.

5 That I the present happiness
Of thine Elect may share;
And may hereafter sing thy praise,
In joys that endless are.

Psalm CVII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 LET all give thanks to God above,
So full of kindness and of Love;
Whose Mercy Ages past have known,
And those that are to come shall crown.

2 O let it be by them confess'd,
Whom he redeem'd when sore oppress'd:
3 And made the scattered people come
From all the Lands to their own home.

4 They pass'd through Deserts, where no way
They found, nor City where to stay:
5 No food to ease their hungers rage,
Nor Water-Springs their thirst t'assuage.

6 In their distress to God they cry'd,
Who prov'd their Saviour and their guide:
7 He the right path where they should go,
And place where they should dwell, did show.

8 Let all men praise God's goodness then,
His wonders to the Sons of Men;
9 Whose bounty longing Souls supplies,
Their craving hunger satisfies.

Part. II.

10 Those that are in dark Prisons laid,
So nigh to Death, they're in its shade;
On whom the sorrows that they bear,
Sit heavier than the Chains they wear:

11 These having proudly God withstood,
Contemn'd his Counsels for their good;
12 He then resolv'd with pain and smart,
To quell the stoutness of their heart.

Before his stroaks they could not stand,
Nor none could raise them, but his hand.
13 Then to the Lord they're forc'd to fly,
To importune his Clemency;

Who did regard their low address,
And sav'd them out of their distress;
14 He chang'd their gloomy state to light,
And brake their bands in sunder quite.

15 Let all men praise his goodness then,
His wonders to the Sons of Men.
16 His strength, that all things do's surpass,
Brake Bars of Iron, and Gates of brass.

Part. III

17 Fools to lewd courſes wholly bent,
Prepare for their own puniſhment.
Sickneſs and loathſome maladies,
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe.

18 The Glutton's appetite o'erthrown,
His taſtfull meats will not go down.
Nature with heavy loads oppreſs'd,
Beckons to Death to be releas'd.

19 Then do theſe frighted Sinners fly
To God for help; whoſe earneſt cry
Mov'd a regard to their addreſs,
Heav'n ſav'd them out of this diſtreſs.

20 No need of Med'cines for their cure,
Their virtue's not ſo quick nor ſure;
Deaths ſentence onely he repeal'd,
He ſent his word, and they were heal'd.

21 Let all men praiſe his goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of men;
22 And by their gratefull Sacrifice,
Declare his Works and their own joys.

Part. IV.

23 They whom the Ships on th' Ocean bear,
24 Do ſee God's works and wonders there.
25 For at his word fierce Tempeſts riſe,
And lift its Waves unto the Skies.

26 One while they mount to Heav'n aloft,
They ſink into the Depths as oft.

27 The

27 The Paſſengers ſtrange terrours feel,
Like Drunkards to and fro they reel.

28 Loſt to all hope, to God they cry
For help in their extremity;
He lends an Ear to their addreſs,
And brings them out of this diſtreſs.

29 For at his beck the ſtorms aſſwage,
The furious Waves depoſe their rage.
30 They welcome now the calm, and ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

31 Let all men praiſe God's goodneſs then,
His wonders to the Sons of men;
32 Nor onely private off'rings bring,
But in the Church his Glories ſing.

Part. V.

33 When God's provok'd, his pow'rfull hand
Turns Rivers to a deſart land;
34 Their fruitfulneſs to barren grounds,
When wickedneſs therein abounds.

35 Dry grounds by Springs (to ſhew his Love
To fruitfull Paſtures do improve.
36 Thither the poor for dwellings flow,
Which after to a City grow.

37 They ſow the Fields and Vineyards plant,
Whoſe Fruits ſupply their growing want.
38 Their Race ſprings faſt from fruitfull ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks,

39 By Heaven bleſt: but when they ſin,
They're puniſht and brought low again.

40 Ev'n

40 Ev'n Princes are expos'd to ſcorn,
And wander in a ſtate forlorn.

41 But he exalts the poor on high,
And ſpreads their numerous Family.
42 The Juſt with Gladneſs this ſhall ſee,
And wickedneſs ſhall ſilent be.

43 How few there are with care record
Theſe wonderous dealings of the Lord!
All wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find,
That God is infinitely kind.

Pſalm CX.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 THus ſpake the Lord unto his Son,
Sit thou advanc'd on my right hand,
Till all thy conquered Foes ſhall crouch,
And wait their doom from thy command.

2 From *Sion* ſhall thy word go forth,
Which like a Sceptre thou ſhalt ſway;
To bring the ſtubborn under rule,
And make them willingly obey.

3 Thy Conqueſts ſhall be great that day,
The numerous Converts thou ſhalt view,
Shall make an Army that exceeds
The Cryſtal drops of Morning dew.

4 The Lord hath all his Truth engag'd
By Oath, which he can never break,
To make thee an eternal Priest,
Of th' Order of *Melchizedeck*.

5 And when he's raised to his Throne,
Proud Monarchs that oppose his Reign
6 Shall fall, and all the wicked World
That will not stoop to him, be slain.

7 While he pursues this work, he'll stoop
To mean refreshments in the way;
But with a glorious reward,
God will his sufferings repay.

Psalm CXI.

1 MY Souls best Pow'rs I will engage,
And with affection join
In those Assemblies, where the Saints
To praise the Lord combine.
2 They that contemplate thy great works,
Will soon with pleasure see
3 Thy pow'r how glorious it is,
How great thy purity.

4 The wonders of thy Providence
They'll often call to mind;
With gratefull hearts proclaim, that God
Is gratious and kind.
5 How in the Wilderness he gave
Food with a liberal hand;
6 And made his people to possess
The Heathens pleasant land.

7 Faith-

7 Faithfull and juſt are all his works,
His word is no leſs ſure;
8 When once his promiſe is engag'd,
Performance is ſecure.
9 *Iſrael*, from ſlavery redeem'd,
His Holineſs did know;
Their Foes the Terrour of thy Name
Felt in their overthrow.

10 To fear the Lord true wiſedom is,
And he that ſtrives to pleaſe
His Maker, underſtands him beſt,
Whoſe praiſe ſhall never ceaſe.

Pſalm CXII.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 BLeſt is the Man that fears the Lord,
Whoſe pleaſure 'tis to do his will;
2 His Seed ſhall be renown'd on Earth,
His happy race ſhall flouriſh ſtill.

3 His Houſe with plenty ſhall be fill'd;
And as his wealth and ſtores increaſe,
His Bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of future want do's make it leſs.

4 When troubles fall unto his ſhare,
They'll in his greater comfort end;
What kindneſs God on him beſtows,
The ſame to others he'll extend.

5 He

5 He lends assistance to the poor,
Discreetly orders all his way;
6 Nothing shall move this Righteous Man,
Or make his Memory decay.

7 No news of threatning dangers can
His confidence in God displace;
8 He with undaunted courage looks
His Foes securely in the face.

9 God his diffusive Charity
With suitable rewards will crown;
Not onely those above bestow,
But honour here and great renown.

10 Mean while the wicked shall repine
With indignation at his Bliss;
And melt away with grief, to see
This Man obtain, what they shall miss.

Psalm CXII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Happy man that fears the Lord,
And joys to do his will;
2 His Seed shall be renown'd on Earth,
His race shall flourish still.
3 His House with plenty shall be fill'd;
And as his stores increase,
His bounty is enlarg'd; no fear
Of want do's make it less.

4 When troubles fall unto his share,
They'll in his comfort end;

What

What kindneſs God on him beſtows,
To others he'll extend.
5 He lends aſſiſtance to the poor,
Diſcreetly guides his way;
6 Nothing ſhall move this man, or make
His Memory decay.

7 His Truſt in God, no threatning News
Of Danger can diſplace:
8 He with undaunted Courage looks
His En'mies in the Face.
9 God his diffuſive Charity
With great Rewards will Crown;
Both thoſe above beſtow, and here
Honour and great Renown.

10 Mean while the wicked ſhall repine
With envy at his Bliſs;
Conſume with grief, to ſee this Man.
Obtain, what they ſhall miſs.

Pſalm CXIII.

1 YE Servants of th' Eternal King,
To God your chearfull praiſes ſing,
2 Whoſe Name be bleſt for evermore.
3 His goodneſs over all is great,
Where e'er the Sun do's riſe or ſet;
Since all are bleſt, let all adore.
4 O'er all the Earth the Lord do's reign,
And Heav'n's too narrow to contain
His Glories that are infinite.
5 Let not poor borrow'd greatneſs dare
With his Perfections to compare,
Who dwells in uncreated Light.

6 He

6 He condescends so far, to know
Th' affairs of Mortals here below,
As well as those in Heav'n above.
7 To shew how he o'er all things sways,
He from the Dust the poor do's raise,
And from his vile estate remove:
8 From thence advances him on high
To unexpected Dignity,
And sets him in a Royal Throne.
9 When Age and Nature both despair,
He makes the Barren Womb to bear:
O therefore praise this God alone.

Psalm CXV.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 NOt unto us, Lord, not to us
But to thy Name the praise we owe;
To thy free goodness and thy Truth,
The Springs whence all our Blessings flow.

2 Why should the Heathen ask in scorn,
Where is the God whom you adore?
3 In Heav'n he Reigns; but do's on Earth
What e'er his will ordain'd before.

4 Silver and Gold their Idols are,
And all their worth derive from thence;
With no Divinity inspir'd,
Since they are void of Life or sense.

5 For

5 For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
6 A Mouth, or any other part;
7 He cannot give them ſight or breath,
Nor lively motion by his Art.

8 Fond men! to think your Hands can make
A God, to which our Knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help it ſelf;
Statues have ſenſe as much as you.

Part. II.

9 All ye that know and fear the Lord,
In him repoſe your Confidence;
10 With all that at his Altars wait,
11 He is their helper and defence.

12 God has been mindfull of our good,
And thoſe that fear him ſtill will bleſs;
13 His Mercies both to ſmall and great,
14 And to their Race ſhall never ceaſe.

15 O happy ſtate thus to be bleſt
By him that made both Earth and Heav'n;
16 His Throne in Heav'n is plac'd, the Earth
In kindneſs he to Man has giv'n.

17 The ſilent Grave cannot declare
Thy wonders, nor proclaim thy praiſe;
18 We'll now begin that Bleſſed work,
Which ſhall continue all our days.

Psalm CXV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 LOrd, not to us, but to thy Name
We give the praiſe we owe;
To thy free goodneſs and thy truth,
Whence all our Bleſſings flow.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen ask us, where's
The God whom you adore?
3 In Heav'n he Reigns, but do's on Earth
What he ordain'd before.

4 Silver and Gold their Idols are,
Their worth derive from thence;
With no Divinity inſpir'd,
Since void of Life or ſenſe.
5 For tho' the Maker forms an Eye,
6 A Mouth, or other part;
7 He cannot give them ſight or breath,
Motion, or Life, by Art.

8 Fond men! With Hands to make a God
To which our Knees ſhould bow;
You truſt what cannot help it ſelf;
Statues have ſenſe like you.

Part. II.

9 All ye that know the Lord, in him
Repoſe your confidence:
10 Ye that attend his Altars, truſt
This helper and defence.

12 God has remembred us, and thoſe
That fear him ſtill will bleſs;
13 To you and yours, both ſmall and great,
14 His mercies ne'er ſhall ceaſe.

15 Oh happy! to be bleſt by him
That made both Earth and Heav'n;
16 His Throne's in Heav'n, the Earth to Man
In kindneſs he has given.
17 The Grave thy wonders cannot ſhow,
Nor celebrate thy praiſe;
18 We'll now adore thy ſacred name,
And bleſs thee all our days.

Pſalm CXVI.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 SInce God ſo tender a regard
To all my poor requeſts did give;
2 My beſt affections he ſhall have,
And beſt Devotions, whilſt I live.

3 Aſſayl'd with grief and pains, that ſeem'd
The ſad Forerunners of the Grave;
4 To thee I made requeſt: O Lord,
My life from threatning danger ſave.

5 Nor did I cry to God in vain,
Nor did his Mercy come too late;
6 But when my skill was at a loſs,
His kindneſs rais'd my low eſtate.

7 God and thy ſelf, my Soul, enjoy
In quiet reſt, freed from thy fears;
8 Who ſav'd thy Life, upheld thy ſteps,
And dry'd up all thy falling tears.

9 I ſtill ſhall live and praiſe thy name,
10 Thus did I ſpeak, and thus believ'd;
11 Tho' in diſtreſs I raſhly ſaid,
All men will lie, and I'm deceiv'd.

12 What ſhall I render to the Lord,
For all the kindneſs he has ſhown?
13 I'll humbly offer him my praiſe,
And thankfully his favours own.

14 The ſolemn payment of the vows
I made to God, ſhall be my care;
15 Who ſav'd me from approaching death,
And ſhew'd my Life to him was dear.

16 By all engagements, Lord, I'm thine,
Thy Servant whom that haſt ſet free;
The very Bonds that thou haſt loos'd
Shall tie me faſter unto thee.

Pſalm CXVI.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 GOD that ſo gratious a regard
To my requeſts did give;
2 Shall have my choiceſt Love, and beſt
Devotions whilſt I live.
3 Aſſayl'd with grief and pains that ſeem'd
Forerunners of the Grave,

4 To

4 To thee I cry'd: O Lord, my life
From threatning danger ſave.

5 Nor did I cry in vain; nor did
His Mercy come too late:
6 But when my skill was at a loſs,
He rais'd my low eſtate.
7 God and thy ſelf, my Soul, enjoy
Quiet and free from fears;
8 Who ſav'd thy life, upheld thy ſteps,
And dry'd up all thy tears.

9 I ſtill ſhall live to praiſe thee; thus
10 I ſpake and thus believ'd;
11 Tho' once I raſhly ſaid, all men
Will lye, and I'm deceiv'd.
12 What ſhall I render, Lord, for all
The kindneſs thou haſt ſhown?
13 Praiſes I'll offer, and with thanks
Will all thy favours own.

14 The payment of the vows I made
To God, ſhall be my care:
15 Who ſaved me from death, and ſhew'd
My life to him was dear.
16 By all engagements I am thine,
Thy Servant, Lord, I'll be;
The bonds that thou haſt loos'd, ſhall tye
Me faſter unto thee.

Psalm CXVII.

1 LET all the Nations of the World
Their great Creator praiſe;
And all its ſcattered people joyn
His mighty Name to raiſe.
2 Whoſe kindneſs towards us is great,
His Mercies ever ſure;
Then let our praiſes like his Truth,
For ever ſtill endure.

Psalm CXVIII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord, whom Ages paſt
Have known to be ſo kind;
Whoſe mercies will continue ſure
To Ages ſtill behind.
2 Let all his people, and his Prieſts
3 That in his Houſe attend;
4 With all that fear the Lord, proclaim,
His mercies have no end.

5 Bear thou thy part with them, my Soul,
God's goodneſs to expreſs;
Who heard my Pray'r, and ſet me free
When I was in diſtreſs.
6 I need not fear what Man can do,
When God is my defence:
9 Rather in him than greateſt Kings
I'll put my confidence.

15 The joyfull voice of Triumph fills
The dwellings of the Juſt;
16 His Pow'r do's mighty things for them
That in his Goodneſs truſt.
17 I hope to live and praiſe his works
Ev'n to my lateſt Breath,
18 Who tho' he has chaſtiz'd me ſore,
Has ſav'd me ſtill from death.

Part. II.

21 I'll praiſe thee, who haſt heard my Pray'rs;
And tho' thou waſt before
My gratious God, art now become
My pow'rfull Saviour.
22 The ſtone which by the Builders deem'd
Unfit, aſide was thrown;
Is choſen and prefer'd to be
The Head and Corner Stone.

23 This is the work of God alone,
By us with wonder ſeen;
24 This is the Day the Lord hath made,
And we'll rejoice therein.
25 We'll joyn our Acclamations,
And loud *Hoſanna*'s ſing;
Wiſhing proſperity may wait
On him that is our King.

26 Bleſt Saviour! that from God to us
On this kind errand came,
We welcome thee; and bleſs all thoſe
That ſpread thy Glorious Fame.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt mercifully ſhin'd
On us with Light and Grace;
And at thine Altar we'll preſent
Our Sacrifice of praiſe.

28 Thou

28 Thou art my God, my joyfull tongue
Shall ever ſing thy praiſe;
Thou art my God, and I on high
Thy glorious name will raiſe.
29 Let all with thankfulneſs proclaim
That God is good and kind;
Whoſe mercies, which have ever been,
Good men ſhall ever find.

Pſalm CXIX.

1 BLeſt is the Man, whoſe blameleſs life
The Law of God directs;
2 Who keeps his Precepts, and whoſe heart
To ſerve the Lord affects.
3 They never wilfully tranſgreſs,
Who to theſe paths repair;
4 Thou, Lord, haſt charged us, to keep
All thy Commands with care.

5 O by thy Grace ſo guide my ways
Never from thine to ſwerve;
6 Nothing ſhall ſhame my confidence,
Whilſt I thy Laws obſerve.
7 I'll praiſe thee better, when I'm more
Inſtructed in thy fear:
8 To ſerve thee I reſolve: O give
Me grace to perſevere.

9 But how ſhall youth, ſo prone to vice,
Govern their Manners, Lord?
By heedfull liſtning to the wiſe
Directions of thy word.

10 Sincerely I have begg'd thy Grace,
O keep me close to thee.
11 I've treasur'd up thy word, that I
Might not a Sinner be.

Part. II.

13 My high esteem of all thy Laws
I have declar'd around;
14 Herein my joy surpasses his
That has a Treasure found.
18 Open my Eyes that I may see
The wonders of thy Law.
19 Who in my Pilgrimage, from hence
Must Light and Comfort draw.

30 I've chose thy Truths to be my Guide,
Thy Law my Rule have made:
32 I'll run the way of thy Commands,
Since thou hast made me glad.
34 Lord, give me a discerning mind,
And knowledge of thy will;
Then, what thy sacred Law enjoins,
I'll heartily fulfill.

36 Incline my heart to thy Commands,
Whilst others riches prize;
37 From the vain pleasures of this World,
Lord, turn away mine Eyes.
To practise goodness, let my Love
And quick desires appear;
38 Make good thy word to him, that is
Devoted to thy fear.

Part.

Part. III.

57 Thou art my Portion, and thy word
I count to me moſt dear;
58 Thy promis'd mercy and thy Love
Before this World prefer.
59 My former wand'rings I review'd;
And then without delay
Reſolv'd to change my courſe, and turn
Into thy ſafer way.

67 Whilſt I was proſp'rous, from thy paths
Too ſoon I turn'd aſide;
But by thy chaſtiſements reduc'd,
Thy Precepts were my guide.
68 Thou, Lord, art in thy Nature good,
And doſt all good afford;
By my afflictions make me more
Obedient to thy word.

73 Thy hands have made and faſhion'd me,
With Wiſedom me endue.
And by the knowledge of thy Laws,
Lord, form my Soul anew.
75 I know thy Judgments righteous are,
And all my troubles juſt:
76 Lord, let thy mercy comfort me
For in thy word I truſt.

Part. IV.

89 For ever, like the Heavens, Lord,
Thy word is ſetled faſt;
90 As firmly as the Earth, thy Truth
Do's to all Ages laſt.

91 These all in their appointed course
Continue to this Day:
And all like ready Servants stand
Thine Orders to obey.

92 Had not thy Truth been my support,
Thy Law been my delight,
Under the pressure of my woes,
I' had sunk and perisht quite.
96 Of all perfection here below
I soon discern an end;
But thy large Precepts, to all times
And states of life extend.

97 O how I love thy Law! it is
My daily exercise;
98 This study makes me wiser far
Than all mine Enemies;
103 Honey no sweetness do's afford,
Like what thy words create;
104 From thence I learn the flatt'ring sweets,
Of every sin to hate.

Part. V.

105 Thy word is to my life a Guide,
Unto my Paths a light;
106 I've sworn to keep thy righteous Laws,
Which I'll perform aright.
115 Ye wicked doers that corrupt
The World, depart from me;
From faithfull serving of my God
Ye shall no hindrance be.

120 The sense of thy just vengeance, Lord,
Fills me with fear and awe.

126 It's time for thee to work, for now
Proud men despise thy Law.
132 O let thy dealings towards me,
And mercy be the same,
Thou usest to express to those
That love and fear thy name.

133 Order my goings in thy word,
And my Director be;
Then no iniquity shall gain
Dominion over me.
135 I see how Sinners break thy Laws
By bold impieties;
This makes me sadly to lament,
And tears o'erflow mine Eyes.

Part. VI.

137 Thy Nature, Lord, and thy Commands
Exactly do agree;
138 Holy, and just, and true thou art,
And such thy Precepts be.
139 This sets my zeal on fire, and makes
My indignation rise;
To see my Foes forget thy words,
And thy just Laws despise.

140 Thy word from all impurer dross
Refin'd, is my delight:
148 On this I meditate before
The watches of the Night.
165 Those men are Crown'd with inward peace,
Who thy Commandments love:
And no Temptations unto sin,
To them a scandal prove.

167 My Soul do's all thy Precepts keep,
And Teſtimonies priſe;
168 For all my actions naked are
To thine All-ſeeing Eyes.
176 Like a loſt Sheep I've gone aſtray,
But now to thee I come;
Thy Precepts I reſolve t' obey,
Lord, bring thy Servant home.

Pſalm CXXI.

1 I'LL lift mine Eyes unto the Hills,
And thence will look for aid:
2 Vain thought! it's God alone can help,
Which Earth and Heaven made.
3 He will ſuſtain thy weaker pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm;
4 And keep thee with unwearied care
From all ſurpriſing harm.

5 The Lord's Protection, like a ſhade,
Will be thy ſure Defence;
6 Nor Sun nor Moon ſhall hurt thee with
Malignant influence.
7 From harm thy Body he'll protect,
Preſerve thy Soul from ſin:
8 Will proſper thy Deſigns abroad,
And bleſs thy coming in.

Psalm CXXIII.

1 O Thou that in a glorious Throne
Art plac'd above the Skies!
To thee for succour I direct
Mine heart, and lift mine Eyes.
2 No Servant by his Lord chastis'd
With more submission stands:
Nor Maids with greater Duty wait
Their Mistresses Commands:

Than we that justly undergo
The Discipline of God,
Wait for a mercifull release,
When he'll remove his Rod.
3 Have mercy, Lord, on us, whose hope
In thy Compassion lies;
And, whom insulting Foes do scorn,
Lord, do not thou despise.

4 For our depress estate now gives
Advantage to their Pride:
And they that live in wealth and ease,
Our miseries deride.

Psalm CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord our cause espous'd,
His people now may say;
2 Had not the Lord engag'd his pow'r
To succour us that day,

When wicked men, with cruel wrath
Inflam'd, againſt us roſe;
3 Too feeble all our pow'rs had been
Their fury to oppoſe.

4 To their devouring Jaws our life
Had been an eaſy prey;
5 Their rage, like an impetuous ſtream,
Had ſwept us quite away.
6 Bleſt be the Lord, that choſe this way
His mercy to enhance;
Then when our dangers loudeſt call'd
To ſend Deliverance.

7 We lay like poor entangled Birds,
Caught in the Fowlers Net:
God's power broke the ſnare, and we
At Liberty were ſet.
8 Since all our help lies in his name
That Earth and Heaven made:
Our future hopes ſhall all depend
On his Almighty aid.

Pſalm CXXV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 THey that in God their Confidence
Repoſe, and him their Fortreſs make,
Remain unmov'd, like *Sions* Mount,
Which Storms and Tempeſts never ſhake.

2 *Jeruſalem* with Hills begirt,
Derives great ſafety from that fence;

Good

Good Men much more from Angels guard,
And God's ſurrounding Providence.

3 The wickeds Pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs the good, and vex their peace;
Leſt the Temptation prove ſo ſtrong,
They imitate their wickedneſs.

4 Bleſs thoſe that are ſincerely good;
5 And when thy vengeance ſhall come down,
Rebellious Sinners to deſtroy,
Then, Lord, with peace the Righteous crown.

Pſalm CXXV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THey that repoſe their truſt in God,
And him their Fortreſs make,
Remain unmov'd, like *Sions* Mount
Which Tempeſts never ſhake.
2 *Jeruſalem* with Hills begirt,
Is ſafe by this defence;
Good Men are more ſecure from God's
Surrounding Providence.

3 The wickeds pow'r ſhall not too long
Oppreſs and vex their peace;
Leſt, through diſcouragement, they prove
Like them in wickedneſs.
4 Bleſs all the truely good; and when
Thy vengeance ſhall come down
Proud Sinners to deſtroy; then, Lord,
With Peace the Righteous crown.

Psalm CXXVI.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 WHen God from Bondage set us free,
It seem'd a strange and pleasant dream;
2 Our Mouth was fill'd with laughter then,
To tell this news was all our Theam.

This great and unexpected change,
Forced the Heathens to confess
3 The wonders of that day; let us
The same with greater joy express.

Great are thy Mercies shewn to us;
4 Lord, perfect what thou hast begun;
'Twill be like welcome show'rs to ground
That's partched with the scortching Sun.

5 We wait with patience, Lord, till thou
All needfull Blessings dost restore;
And hope our former tears will make
Our after-joys to be the more.

6 So he that in prepared ground
His scattered handfulls sadly leaves,
Will shout at Harvest, when he sees
That Seed become a Load of Sheaves.

Psalm CXXVI.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHen God redeem'd our Captive State,
It seem'd a pleasant dream:
2 Our Mouth was fill'd with Laughter then,
And joy was all our Theam.
This mercy so unlook'd for, mov'd
The Heathens to confess
3 The wonders of that Day, let us
With joy the same express.

Great are thy Mercies shewn to us:
4 Lord, perfect what's begun:
'Twill be like welcome show'rs to ground
Partch'd with the scortching Sun.
5 We wait with Patience, Lord, till thou
All good to us restore;
And hope our former tears will make
Our after-joys the more.

He that in prepared ground
His scattered handfulls leaves;
Will shout at Harvest, when that Seed
Becomes a Load of Sheaves.

Psalm CXXVII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 IF God be not the Architect,
Men strive in vain a House t' erect:
Unless the Lord the City keep,
The watchfull Guards as well may sleep.

2 Your Labours with the rising Sun
Begin, and last when Day is done:
T' avoid that Poverty you dread,
With carefulness you eat your Bread.

But all in vain: by Heaven blest
You may enjoy both wealth and rest;
3 A numerous Race and fruitfull Womb
As God's rewards to Goodness come:

4 Their Parents strength and Glory are,
Like Arrows to a Man of War:
5 Well furnished with these supplies,
A Man may dare his Enemies.

Psalm CXXVIII.

1 BLest is the Man, whose fear of God
Is by obedience shown:
2 Plenty thy Labours shall reward,
And good success shall crown.

3 Thy

3 Thy fruitfull Wife, like a fair Vine
With Clusters shall abound;
Whose Children like green Olive Plants,
Thy Table shall surround.

4 Such Blessings to thy House shall fall
When God's thy chiefest fear;
5 Thou in the publick joy and good
Shalt have the greatest share.
6 A numerous Race from thee deriv'd
Thy lengthned Age shall see;
And, the great wish of all good Men,
The Lands prosperity.

Psalm CXXX.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 PLung'd in the Confines of despair,
To God I cry'd with fervent Pray'r;
2 O lend to me a gratious Ear;
Not sunk so low but thou canst hear.

3 Should'st thou against each evil deed
In strict severity proceed,
Who would be able to abide
Thy censure, and be justify'd?

4 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,
That men may turn and fear thy name.
5 To thy rich Grace, O Lord, we fly,
And on thy promises rely.

6 My Soul less brooks thy seeming stay,
Than Guards that watch th' approach of day.
7 O therefore let the good and just
In God alone repose their trust.

The frailcy of our state he knows;
His plenteous Mercy ever flows.
8 To humble Souls he gratious is,
And pardons what they've done amiss.

Psalm CXXXI.

1 LOrd, I have no aspiring thoughts,
Nor Eyes that lofty are;
Nor meddle with the things advanc'd,
Above my lower Sphere.
2 But humble and resign'd I lie
Compos'd to silent rest;
Mine as a Child's behaviour is,
Wean'd from his Mothers Breast.

3 Let pious Souls no more admire
The Worlds deceitfull shows;
But with an undisturbed mind
In God their trust repose.

Psalm CXXXIII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 O Bleſt Societies on Earth,
Reſembling that of Heav'n above!
Where Brethren peacefully unite
In ſweet accord and hearty Love.

2 It's like the pretious Ointment pour'd
On *Aaron*'s conſecrated head;
Which firſt ran down his face, and thence
Unto his coſtly veſture ſpread.

3 Like dews that viſit every Hill,
Or as the fruitfull ſhow'rs of rain;
Tho' firſt on higher grounds they fall,
Deſcend, and water all the plain.

Innumerable comforts meet,
Where Love and Amity abound;
Their Souls are fill'd with inward peace,
Their proſperous State with bleſſing crown'd.

Psalm CXXXIII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 O Happy Companies on Earth,
Reſembling Heav'n above;
Where Brethren peacefully unite,
In ſweet Accord and Love.

2 It's

2 It's like the pretious Ointment pour'd
Upon the High Prieſt's Head;
Which firſt ran down his Face, and thence
Unto his Garments ſpread.

3 Like dews that viſit every Hill,
Or fruitfull ſhowrs of rain;
Tho' firſt on higher grounds they fall,
Thence water all the plain.
Innumerable comforts meet,
Where mutual Love is found;
Their Souls are fill'd with inward peace,
Their State with bleſſing crown'd.

Pſalm CXXXIV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 YE Servants of th' Eternal King,
Who early at his Temple wait,
And there your late attendance give,
See that his Name ye celebrate.

2 And, as that Holy place requires,
Pure hands in your Devotions raiſe;
To all your other offerings joyn
The grateſull Sacrifice of praiſe.

3 God the Great Maker of the World,
As great in Goodneſs as in pow'r,
Give gratious Anſwers to thy Pray'rs,
And bleſs his people every hour.

Psalm CXXXIV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 YE Servants of the Lord above,
Who at his Temple wait;
See that before the rising Sun
His Name ye celebrate.
2 And in that Holy place, pure hands
In your Devotions raise;
To all your other offerings joyn
The Sacrifice of praise.

3 The Lord that made the World, as great
In goodness as in pow'r,
Give Ear to thy requests, and bless
His people every hour.

Psalm CXXXV.

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty Lord,
That Heav'n and Earth did frame;
2 Who at his House and Altar wait,
Praise ye his Glorious Name.
3 O let the Goodness of the Lord
Your best affections raise;
Your inward Pleasure will increase,
Together with your praise.

5 In him do all perfections meet,
His Greatness knows no bound;

What-

What e'er by other Gods is claim'd,
In him alone is found.
6 His Pow'r created all at first,
His Pleasure rules them still;
His uncontrolled mind the Heav'n,
The Earth and Seas fulfill.

7 By undiscerned force he makes
The vapours to arise,
Which frame the Clouds, where fire un-(quench'd,
Mingled with water lies.
From thence the dreadfull Lightnings burst,
And Rains are poured down;
He brings his boysterous Winds and Storms,
From Treasuries unknown.

13 Supported by thy Glorious Works,
Thy Fame can never die;
But thy Memorial shall endure
To all Eternity.

Psalm CXXXV.

[*Another Metre. As the* 148. *Psalm.*]

1 YE Servants of the Lord
That Heav'n and Earth did frame;
2 Who at his Altars wait,
Praise ye his glorious name.
3 His goodness doth
To this invite;
His praise will give
The best delight.

5 In him all Glories meet;
His Greatness knows no bound;

What other Gods do claim,
In him is onely found.
Who as at first
He all things made,
Still rules o'er all,
By all obey'd.

All things in Heav'n above
Are subject to his will;
The Earth and Seas below
His pleasure do fulfill.
At his Command,
From the Worlds end,
Vapours to frame
The Clouds ascend.

Lightnings from thence burst out,
And Rains are poured down;
He brings his boyst'rous Winds
From Treasuries unknown.
Thy Name and thy
Memorial,
For ever, Lord,
Continue shall.

Psalm CXXXVI.

[*As the* 148. *Psalm.*]

GIve thanks unto the Lord
That is so kind and good;
Whose mercies firmly last,
As they have ever stood.

2 To this great King
All Gods do bow,
3 Angels above
And Pow'rs below.

4 His works our wonder raiſe;
5 The Heav'ns his wiſedom made;
6 And he th'out-ſtretched Earth
Above the Waters laid.
7 He made the Sun
8 The Days great Light,
9 The Moon and Stars
To rule the Night.

10 *Egypts* firſt-born he ſmote,
11 And by his pow'rfull hand
12 He brake off *Iſraels* Yoke,
And brought them from that Land.
His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt,
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

13 The parted Sea made way
14 For *Iſrael* to paſs;
15 There the purſuing Hoſt
Of *Pharaoh* drowned was.
16 His people through
The Deſart led,
By Miracles
Were daily fed.

17 18 Kings that oppos'd their way,
19 20 *Sihon* and *Og* he ſmote;
21 And made their fruitfull land
22 Fall to his peoples Lot.

His Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt,
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

He ſav'd us when our State
Was low and ſore oppreſt;
Food to all fleſh he gives,
The God of Heav'n be bleſt.
Whoſe Mercies ſhown
To Ages paſt,
Eternally
Shall ſpring and laſt.

Pſalm CXXXVIII.

TO magnify the Lord, my Soul
Thy beſt affections raiſe;
Angels ſhall hear my Songs, and be
The Partners of my praiſe.
Within thy Church thy Conſtant truth
And goodneſs I'll proclaim;
Theſe raiſe my wonder, and advance
The Glories of thy Name.

In my diſtreſs to thee I cry'd,
And thou my Pray'r didſt hear;
Thou didſt ſupport me with thy ſtrength,
And with thy comforts cheer.
Kings ſhall thy promis'd goodneſs know,
And take occaſion thence
To praiſe thy Mercy, and admire
Thy ways of Providence.

6 God from his high and Glorious Throne
The lowly views and owns;
But scorns the proud, and on their height
With indignation frowns.

7 Thy former kindnesses prevent
My fears, when in distress;
Thy hand shall save me from my Foes,
Thy Pow'r their wrath repress.

8 Thy never-failing Goodness will
Complete what is begun;
O never suffer thine own work,
Nor me to be undone.

Psalm CXXXIX.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 LOrd, when I have to doe with thee,
In vain I seek to be conceal'd:
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, to thee
My very thoughts are all reveal'd.

3 Both when I sit and when I rise,
My walking and my lying down;
4 To thee my works and all my words,
Better than to my self, are known.

5 On every side within the reach
Of thine encircling Arm I lie;
6 Whose force I neither can resist,
Nor scape the notice of thine Eye.

7 Whi

7 Whither can I retire, and find
A place where God do's never come?
8 His Glories I should meet in Heav'n;
His Pow'r, had I in Hell a room.

9 Could I remove to th' utmost Sea
Wing'd with the swiftest Morning ray;
10 Thy hand that thither must support
My flight, would my abode betray.

11 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The blackest Curtains of the Night;
12 All will be clear to thee; for what
We Darkness call, to thee is Light.

13 My inmost Reins by thee possess'd,
With all th' affections seated there;
To thee, that made'st those hidden Springs
Within the Womb, must needs appear.

Part. II.

14 In all thy works, O Lord, I see
The Footsteps of thy wond'rous skill;
And to excite my praise, I find
Within my self more wonders still.

15 Unseen by all, when form'd within
The dark recesses of the Womb;
Before the fine Embroidery
Of parts was to perfection come;

16 In that rude Mass, thou didst discern
The Daily growth of every part;
And what th' Eternal mind had fram'd,
Was copied out with curious art.

17 Lord,

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts
And the wise Counsels of thy mind;
Their sum is infinite; yet all
Are dear to me, because they're kind.

18 Their number's greater than the sand;
Which whilst my busy thoughts run o'er,
I sleep; and find when I awake,
I'm onely where I was before.

23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not
Of living in a false disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The Tryal of thy peircing Eyes.

24 Search me; and if thou see'st that I
Unwillingly have done amiss,
Correct my errours, and reduce
My wandrings to the way of Bliss.

Psalm CXXXIX.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 WHen, Lord, I deal with thee, in vain
I seek to be conceal'd.
2 Thou know'st me perfectly, my thoughts
To thee are all reveal'd.
3 Both when I sit and when I rise,
Walking and lying down;
4 My works and words, better to thee
Than to my self are known.

5 Ever within the reach of thine
Encircling Arm I lie;

6 Whose

6 Whose force I neither can resist,
Nor scape thy piercing Eye.
7 In vain, where God do's never come,
I seek to find a Seat;
8 For plac'd in Hell, thy Pow'r; in Heav'n,
Thy Glories I should meet.

9 Could I remove to th' utmost Sea,
Wing'd with the Mornings Ray;
10 Thy hand that must support my flight,
Would my abode betray.
11 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night;
12 All's clear to thee, for what we call
Darkness, to thee is Light.

13 My Reins by thee possess'd, with all
Th' affections seated there,
To thee, that mad'st within the Womb
Those hidden Springs, appear.

Part. II.

14 In all thy works, O Lord, I see
Footsteps of wond'rous skill;
And in my self, t' excite my praise,
I find more wonders still.
15 When form'd unseen, within the dark
Recesses of the Womb;
Before th' Embroidery of Parts
Was to perfection come;

16 In that rude Mass, thou didst discern
The growth of every part;
And what th' Eternal mind had fram'd,
Was drawn with curious art.

17 Lord, I admire the various thoughts,
And Counsels of thy mind;
Their sum is infinite, yet dear
To me, because they're kind.

18 Their Number's greater than the Sand;
Which whilst my thoughts run o'er,
I sleep; and find when I awake,
I'm where I was before.
23 Lord, since my thoughts accuse me not
T' have liv'd in false disguise;
I'm less afraid to undergo
The Tryal of thine Eyes.

24 Search me, and where unwillingly
Thou see'st I've done amiss;
Correct, and lead my wandring steps
Into the way of Bliss.

Psalm CXLIII.

1 REgard the fervent Pray'rs I make,
The hopes I have in thee;
And, Lord, according to thy Truth
And Goodness answer me.
2 Let not my failings be before
Thy strict Tribunal try'd;
For, Lord, if thou should'st be severe,
None could be justify'd.

I'll ne'er cease asking till my Soul
Shall thy refreshments gain;
Thy mercy which I gasp for more,
Than thirsty ground for rain.

7 My

7 My Spirits ſink while thou delay'ſt
Th' aſſiſtance I would have;
If God ſtill frown on my requeſts,
'Twill ſink me to the Grave.

7 The Night is witneſs of my tears
As well as truſt in thee;
O let the joyfull Morning tell
Thy kindneſs towards me.
Lord be my Guide, that I may find
The way where I ſhould go:
9 Be thou my refuge from their pow'r
That ſeek my overthrow.

10 Teach me, my God, to do thy will;
And let thy ſpirit of Love,
Conduct me in the paths that lead
To happineſs above.
11 Revive my fainting Soul, thy Name
And honour to advance;
Thy faithfulneſs will brightly ſhine
In my deliverance.

Pſalm CXLV.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

1 I Will extoll thy ſacred Name,
Thou King of Saints and God of Love;
2 I'll bleſs thee daily now, 'twill be
My work eternally above.

3 Our praiſes ſhould be high like thee,
Whoſe greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;

4 And what one Age do's not confine,
The next ſhall tell thy mighty deeds.

5 I'll ſhew the glories of thy State,
And thy amazing works proclaim:
6 All men that hear my Songs of praiſe,
Shall gladly joyn to do the ſame.

7 And like the unexhauſted Springs
Of mercy, ſo their joys ſhall flow;
Their tongues thy faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhow.

8 Thou, Lord, art full of Grace and Love,
To anger ſlow, but glad to ſpare;
9 To all thy Creatures thou art kind,
O'er all thy tender mercies are.

10 Thou, Lord, from all theſe works of thine
Some thankfull Tribute doſt receive;
But where their powers fail, thy praiſe
Among the Saints ſhall ever live.

11 Theſe happy Subjects to declare
Thy Kingdoms glory never ceaſe;
12 That Men the Triumphs of thy Grace
May know, and all thy Pow'r confeſs.

Part. II.

13 Thy Kingdom, Lord ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' often undermin'd in vain;
14 Oppreſſed goodneſs is ſuſtain'd
By thee; when falling, rais'd again.

15 All Creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of ſeaſonable food;

16 Thy

16 Thy open-handed bounty fills
Their longings with desired good.

17 God's Goodness and Fidelity
In all his Ways and Works appear;
18 He gives kind answers to their Pray'rs
That call on him, and are sincere.

19 There's none that fear him need complain
That they in vain have sought his aid;
He hears their cries, when in distress,
And saves them when they are afraid.

20 God's Preservation shall reward
The Good Man's Duty and his Love;
But the bold crimes of wicked men,
Shall at the length their ruine prove.

21 Mean while my tongue shall be employ'd
Thy chearfull praises to proclaim;
Let all the World adore thy pow'r,
And ever bless thy Holy Name.

Psalm CXLV.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 THY sacred name I will advance,
My King, and God of Love;
2 I'll bless thee now, 'twill be my work
Eternally above.
3 Our praises should be high like thee,
Whose Greatness all exceeds;
4 One Age t' another shall declare,
And praise thy mighty deeds.

5 I'll ſhew the Glories of thy State,
Thy wondrous works proclaim;
6 All men that hear my Songs of praiſe,
Shall joyn to do the ſame.
7 And as thy Mercy ever ſprings,
So ſhall their comforts flow;
Their tongues thy faithfulneſs ſhall ſing,
And thy great goodneſs ſhow.

8 Thou, Lord, art ſlow to wrath, but full
Of Love, and glad to ſpare;
9 To all thy Creatures kind, o'er all
Thy tender Mercies are.
10 Some thankfull Tribute, Lord, from all
Thy works thou doſt receive;
But where they fail, thy praiſe among
The Saints ſhall ever live.

11 Thy Kingdoms Glory to declare
Theſe Subjects never ceaſe;
12 That men thy wond'rous Grace may know,
And all thy pow'r confeſs.

Part. II.

13 Thy Kingdom, Lord, ſhall ever ſtand,
Tho' undermin'd in vain;
14 Goodneſs is ſtay'd by thee, when weak;
When falling, rais'd again.
15 All Creatures do expect from thee
Supplies of daily food;
16 Thy open-handed bounty fills
All their deſires with good.

17 God's Goodneſs and Fidelity,
In all his ways appear;

18 He gives kind answers unto such
As pray, and are sincere.
19 There's none that fear him need complain
They've sought in vain his aid;
He hears their cryes, when in distress,
And saves them, when afraid.

20 God's care and preservation
Rewards the good man's Love;
But the bold crimes of wicked men
At length their ruine prove.
21 Mean while my tongue shall be employ'd
Thy praises to proclaim;
Let all the World adore thy Pow'r,
And ever bless thy Name.

Psalm CXLVI.

1 MY Soul to praise the Highest Lord
Thy best affections raise;
2 For whilst I live my God shall be
The subject of my praise.
3 Vain are our hopes from Mighty Kings;
Whose Glories at their Death
4 Sink to the Grave, and all their thoughts
Do vanish with their Breath.

5 Happy is he, who in that God
That made the World do's trust;
6 Which World may sooner fail, than he
Cease to be good and just.
7 He rights the injur'd, and defends
The good Man's cause oppress'd;

He feeds the hungry, and by him
The Prisoners are releas'd.

8 He cures the blind, and sorrow from
Dejected Souls removes;
And by his special care protects
The Righteous whom he loves.
9 Strangers and Widows he preserves,
He do's the Orphans own;
As for the wickeds prosperous state
He turns it upside down.

10 This Mighty King shall ever Reign,
As he do's ever Live;
Let all the World he rules, to him
Eternal praises give.

Psalm CXLVII.

[*As the* 100. *Psalm.*]

1 O Blest employment of our Lives
To praise the God whom we adore!
How gratefull to our selves and him!
Nothing becomes a good man more.

2 The Lord of old the broken state
Of Captive *Israel* did repair;
3 The sorrowfull and broken hearts
He binds and heals with tender care.

4 He numbers all the Stars, and knows
What vertue comes to us from thence;

For

For 'tis from him they borrow all
Their Luſtre, and their Influence.

5 Unſearchable his wiſedom is,
His pow'r ſo great it knows no bounds;
6 He raiſes up the meek, and throws
The ſtubborn Sinners to the ground.

Part. II.

7 To God your chearfull praiſes ſing,
Whoſe bounty all things do's maintain;
8 Who covers Heav'n with watry Clouds,
And for the Earth prepares the rain.

He makes the tender Graſs to grow
On Mountains which are parch'd and dry;
9 Wild Beaſts are fed without our care,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

15 All Creatures haſte t'obey his word;
16 Like ſofteſt Wooll he ſends the Snows:
17 His Cryſtal-Ice like Morſels caſts,
And the Hoar-froſts like aſhes ſtrows.

None can endure his piercing cold;
18 But at his word warm winds do blow;
Then Rocks of Ice are ſoon diſſolv'd,
And the congealed Waters flow.

19 All ſee theſe works: to *Iſrael*
He greater favours did afford;
The clearer knowledge of his will
And Laws they had. Praiſe ye the Lord.

Psalm CXLVII.

[*Another Metre.*]

1 HOw well we are employ'd, to praise
The Lord whom we adore!
How gratefull to our selves and him!
Nothing becomes us more.
2 The Lord of old the broken state
Of *Israel* did repair;
3 The sorrowfull and broken hearts
He heals with tender care.

4 He numbers all the Stars, and knows
What vertue comes from thence;
For 'tis from him they borrow all
Their Light and Influence.
5 Unsearchable his wisedom is,
His Pow'r admits no bound:
6 He raises up the meek, and throws
Proud Sinners to the ground.

Part. II.

7 To God your chearfull praises sing,
That all things do's maintain:
8 Who covers Heav'n with Clouds, and for
The Earth prepares the rain.
He makes the tender Grass to grow
On Mountains parch'd and dry;
9 Wild Beasts need not our care, he feeds
Young Ravens when they cry.

15 All Creatures haſte t' obey his word:
16 Like Wooll he ſends the Snows;
17 His Cryſtal Ice like Morſels caſts,
Hoar-froſts like aſhes ſtrows.
None can abide his piercing cold:
18 He bids warm Winds to blow;
Then Rocks of Ice diſſolve, and ſoon
Congealed Rivers flow.

19 All ſee theſe works; to *Iſrael*
More grace he did afford;
The clearer knowledge of his will
And Laws. Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

1 TO laud the Heav'nly King
Let all their voices raiſe:
2 Ye Angels firſt begin
The great Creator's praiſe.
3 Let Sun and Moon
And every Star
His Glory ſhow
That's brighter far.

4 Ye Regions of the air,
And watry Clouds that move
Within the liquid Skie,
5 Praiſe ye the Lord above;
Whoſe pow'rfull word
Made you to be;
6 And fix'd your bounds
By his Decree.

7 All that the Earth do's bear;
Whales in the Depths conceal'd;
8 Lightnings, and Hail, and Snow,
Vapours to Ice congeal'd,
The ſtormy Winds
Rais'd at his will,
Which at his word
Are calm'd and ſtill.

9 Praiſe him ye Mountains high,
And Hills that lower are;
Cedars with lofty heads,
And Trees that fruit do bear.
10 Beaſts that in Fields
Or Paſtures lye;
Both creeping things
And Fouls that fly.

11 Ye Kings that Sceptres ſway,
People of meaner Birth;
Princes that rule the World,
And Judges of the Earth.
12 Let every Sex
And every Age
13 To praiſe the name
Of God engage.

His Glories all that ſhines
In Earth and Heav'n excell;
14 He ſpecial mercy ſhow'd
T' his people *Iſrael*;
A people dear
And highly rais'd;
His Holy Name
Be ever prais'd.

Psalm CL.

1 PRaise God within that sacred place
Where he his Grace bestows;
Your wondering thoughts to Heaven raise,
Where he his Glory shows.
2 Let all his Mighty Acts of Pow'r
Your inward Passions move;
That your Acknowledgments may suit
The Greatness of his Love.
3 Musicks soft notes, and louder sounds
4 Of Instruments employ
5 T'excite Devotion, and attend
The triumphs of your joy.
6 Since all to this Creator owe
That Breath by which they live;
Let every thing that breaths, to him
Their chearfull praises give.

SELECT HYMNS,

Taken out of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And used in the

CHURCH-SERVICE.

Hymn I.

Benedictus.

[*The Song of* Zacharias. *Luc.* 1. 68.]

LET *Isr'els* pow'rfull God and King
Eternally be blest;
Who came from Heav'n to visit us,
And all our Bonds releas'd.
In *David*'s House a Saviour rais'd,
To sit upon his Throne;
This, ever since the World began,
His Prophets have fore-shown.

That

That he would ſave us from the Pow'r
And Malice of our Foes;
The Mercy to perform that he
T'our Fathers did diſcloſe.
To call to mind how he engag'd
His Truth by Covenant;
His ſolemn Oath to *Abraham* ſworn;
That he his Grace would grant,

To ſerve him without fear, from all
Our Adverſaries free'd;
And to continue all our days
A Holy Life to lead.
And thou bleſt Child to this high Lord
Shalt have a Prophet's place;
Like a preparing Harbinger
Shalt go before his Face.

By the Remiſſion of Mens ſins
To make Salvation known.
God's tender mercy, when this Sun
Aroſe, to all was ſhown.
He will our ſad and diſmal ſtate
With Light and Comfort bleſs;
And Guide our feet into the way
Of Peace and Happineſs.

Hymn II.

Magnificat.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

[*The Song of the Bl. Virgin. Luc.* 1. 46.]

MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
In thee my ſpirit do's rejoice
My God and Saviour; who deſerv'ſt
The Praiſes of my heart and voice.

For to his humble Handmaids ſtate
He ſhow'd regard, when 't was depreſt;
All Ages ſhall from henceforth judge
Me Happy, and ſhall call me Bleſt.

He that is Great hath done to me
Great things, and Holy is his Name;
His Mercy through all Ages is,
To them that fear him, ſtill the ſame.

He with his Arm his ſtrength hath ſhow'd,
Confounded what the proud men thought;
Put down the Mighty from their Seat,
And rais'd them who were ſet at nought.

He fill'd the Hungry Souls with good,
The Full and Rich for want complain'd;
His Mercy he has call'd to mind,
And *Iſrael* his help has gain'd.

The

The Promiſe to our Fathers made
So long before, in which God ſtood
Engag'd to *Abraham* and his Seed,
Is all performed and made good.

Hymn III.

Nunc Dimittis.

[*The Song of* Simeon. *Luc.* 2. 29.]

I Now can leave this World, and die
In Peace and quiet reſt;
Since that mine Eyes, O Lord, have been
With thy Salvation bleſt.
The Prophecies are all fulfill'd,
Thy Promiſes are true;
And thy Myſterious Love diſclos'd
In all the Peoples view.

All the dark ſhadows fly away,
Now this bright Sun appears;
Whoſe ſaving Light the Gentile World
With unknown comfort cheers.
Well may the long expected ſight
Make *Iſr'els* Joys abound;
Before with ſpecial Favours grac'd,
But now with Glory Crown'd.

Hymn IV.

[*Out of ſeveral Paſſages of the Revelations.*]

ALl ye that ſerve the Lord, his Name *R.*19.5.
See that ye celebrate;
And ye that fear him, ſing aloud
His praiſe, both ſmall and great.
O thou great Ruler of the World, *R.*15.3.
Thy works our wonder raiſe.
Thou Bleſſed King of Saints, how True
And Righteous are thy ways!

Who would not fear and praiſe thy Name
Thou onely Holy one?
The World will worſhip thee, to whom
Thy Judgments are made known.
Moſt Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord *Ca.*4.8.
Almighty is thy Name;
Which was before all time, and is,
And ſhall be ſtill the ſame.

All Glory, Pow'r, and Honour, thou *Ve.* 11.
Art worthy to receive;
For all things by thy Pow'r were made,
And by thy Pleaſure live.
To thee of right, O Lamb of God, *C.*5.12.
Riches and Pow'r belong;
Wiſedom and Honour, Glory, Strength,
And every praiſing Song.

Thou, as our Sacrifice, waſt ſlain, *Ve.* 9.
And by thy pretious Blood,

From

From every Tongue and Nation, haſt
Redeem'd us unto God.
V. 13. Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
By all in Earth and Heav'n,
To him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb, be giv'n.

Hymn V.

Te Deum.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm,*]

O God we praiſe thee, and we own
Thee to be Lord and King alone.
All the whole Earth doth worſhip thee,
Thou Father from Eternity.

To thee all Angels loudly cry,
The Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs on high;
Cherubs and Seraphins proclaim,
And cry thrice Holy to thy Name.

Lord God of Hoſts, thy Preſence bright,
Fills Heav'n and Earth with beauteous Light.
Th' Apoſtles glorious Company,
The Prophets Fellowſhip, praiſe thee.

The Crowned Martyrs Noble Hoſt,
The Holy Church in every Coaſt,
Thine Infinite perfections own,
Father of Majeſty unknown.

Giving

Giving all Adoration
Unto thy true and onely Son:
And to the Holy Ghost, from whom
As the sole Spring, our Comforts come.

O Christ, thou Glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's Eternal Son:
Who, our deliv'rance to obtain,
Didst not the Virgins Womb disdain.

When Deaths sharp sting destroy'd by thee
Gave thee a Glorious Victory,
Heav'ns Gate, that Entrance had deny'd,
Then to believers opened wide.

Part. II.

At God's Right hand thou, Lord, art plac'd,
And with thy Father's Glory grac'd;
And we believe the Day will come,
When thou as Judge shalt pass our doom.

Promote, we pray, thy Servants Good
Redeemed with thy pretious Blood:
Among thy Saints make them ascend
To Glory that shall never end.

Thy people with Salvation Crown;
Bless those, O God, that are thine own;
Govern and lift them up on high.
Thee, Lord, we daily magnify.

Thy Name we worship and adore,
Ever, when Time shall be no more;
Vouchsafe this Day to keep us pure,
From harms and wilfull sins secure.

O let thy mercy, Lord, descend
On us, whose hopes on thee depend:
Lord, since my Trust is fix'd on thee,
O let me ne'er confounded be.

Gloria Patri.

[*To the Common Tunes.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son
And Holy Ghost, we give
Glory that was of old, is now,
And shall this World survive.

Gloria

Gloria Patri.

[*As the* 100. *Pſalm.*]

TO thee, O Father, to the Son
And Holy Ghoſt, whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be Evermore.

A N

An Advertiſement.

THo 'all theſe *Pſalms* are to be ſung to the Tunes commonly uſed in Churches; yet more of them are fitted to ſome of thoſe Tunes than before. Not to mention the many that may be ſung as the 100. *Pſalm*; Theſe following are to be ſung as the twenty fifth *Pſalm*: *viz. Pſal.* 25. 53. 62. 67. 70. 71. Theſe as the Hundred and thirteenth: *viz. Pſal.* 82. 85. 113. And theſe as the Hundred Forty Eighth: *viz.* 135. (ſecond Metre) 136. 148.

Being alſo unwilling, that an unskilfull Reader ſhould be at any loſs, or frame an uncertain ſenſe of ſome few words and phraſes in this Verſion, that are of leſs common uſe, I have therefore added their true Signification.

Words

Words less common,	*Their Signification.*
Celebrate	make renowned.
Detracting	lessening due praise.
Diffusive	spreading wide.
Fluid	yielding.
Impetuous	violent.
Lower Sphere	meaner condition.
Orbs, Spheres	bodies of a round form.
Perturbation	disturbance, trouble.
Precipice	downfall.
Recesses	retirements, places out of view.
Revere	to reverence, stand in awe.
Rude Mass	unshapen matter.
Theam	subject of discourse.
Uncessant	never ceasing.
Unexhausted	never drawn dry.

AN

ALPHABETICAL TABLE,

whereby any *Psalm* is found, knowing its beginning.

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THE END.

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